The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon

The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon

An Appeal for further Investigation and Research

BY

HAROLD BAYLEY

ILLUSTRATED

"Shakespeare's life is a fine mystery. I tremble every day lest something should turn up."—CHARLES DICKENS.

"There is something about him (Bacon) not fully understood or discerned."—PROF. CRAIK.

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TO

E. S. B.

AND ALL OTHER LOVERS OF "WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE."

"Y a-t-il rien au monde de plus caché que la vérité?"

PREFACE

THIS book is an attempt to establish the following propositions:

1. That Bacon's romantic fable, "The New Atlantis," is not an Utopian dream, but a thinly disguised account of an actual Secret Society, with which he was closely associated.

2. That the object of this Fraternity of learned men, known superficially to history as the Rosicrucians, or the Brethren of the Rose and Cross, was "the advancement of learning," "the bettering of men's bread and wine," and the "universal reformation of the whole wide world."

3. That the principal method by which the achievement of this end was attempted, was the preparation and publication of instructive and elevating literature.

4. That books published under the auspices of the Fraternity were secretly hall-marked, and are to be identified by peculiar and distinctive emblems, which may be found concealed in the form of paper-marks, printers' ornaments, and wood-cuts.

That the Elizabethan renaissance was not a for-

tuitous outburst of wit and learning, but the result of a deliberately planned scheme.

6. *That the Plays first published anonymously, but which subsequently bore the pseudonym "William Shakespeare" upon their title-pages, were not the work of the play actor, "Mr. William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent.," but were written by Francis Bacon, who, for various reasons, considered it expedient to assume a mask.*

7. *That Francis Bacon was likewise the author of much other similar literature, in many cases but the hack-work of youthful genius, and at present attributed to other men.*

8. *That it was the philosophy of the Rosicrucians to endeavour to act as God's deputies upon earth, to imitate, to the best of their ability, the order of the Universe, and that their publications are, as far as may be, modelled upon their favourite simile—the "Book of Nature."*

9. *That, as Nature's infinite book of secrecy possesses meanings, veiled and incomprehensible to the casual and superficial observer, so, in a finite degree, do the books which were published under Rosicrucian auspices.*

10. *That Anagram, Enigma, and* cipher writing *were means and methods by which the Fraternity carried out their views, and that the frequently alluded to "Magical Writing" of the Rosicrucians was in all probability*

nothing more nor less than the Bilitteral cipher invented by Francis Bacon and described in Book VI. of his "Advancement of Learning."

11. That the discovery by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup that this well-known cipher is applicable to a large circle of mediæval literature, is a genuine discovery of the highest historical importance.

12. That there are indications that the system of concealing secret information by means of ciphers prevailed largely not only in England but throughout Europe, and that in sixteenth and seventeenth century literature there is in all probability an El Dorado of information awaiting disentombment.

These are heterodox and subversive conclusions, and it is difficult to condense into reasonable limit the evidence which has led me to adopt them. Some of my witnesses may be badly informed, others misled or perhaps irrelevant, but to the best of my belief their testimony is honest; and I ask that their statements may be heard, and temperately considered, before being condemned.

The present volume does not claim to be more than an introduction to many of the subjects touched upon, but it will be found to embody not a few of the leading facts and the most recent discoveries upon a subject which, inasmuch as it concerns "Shakespeare," is of quite unparalleled interest.

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INTRODUCTION

IN tracing the history of a philosophical Order, such as that of the Rosicrucians, one is peculiarly liable to be betrayed into pitfalls. Much of the information which exists upon the subject is intentionally misleading. Much is so ambiguous, that it is difficult to decide whether it be actual fact, delivered in the form of allegory, or pure and simple fiction.

So far as we know, the Rosicrucian was one of the many Secret Societies that existed in Europe two or three hundred years ago. The historian of the order—or rather the writer that is popularly considered to be such—is Mr. Hargrave Jennings, whose two volumes, entitled "The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries," contain a mass of bald, disjointed erudition, but throw very little light upon the subject. The value of this book is discounted

by the statement in the introduction that initiates of occult mysticism need have no fear that the author will do otherwise than stand guard over their cabala. Mr. A. E. Waite, the author of "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," is a writer of a different calibre. He approaches his subject in a critical and sceptical mood, and demolishes most of the generally accepted opinions. From the wreckage which he has left I have gathered up a few unbroken fragments, and have accepted these as being genuine and reliable. With the exception of the two manifestoes, "Fama Fraternitatis" and "Confessio Fraternitatis," and a few miscellaneous facts, I am inclined to think we possess no unquestionably authentic information. Probably from time immemorial secret societies have in one form or another existed among us. The Rosicrucians were not a political order, nor were they professedly alchemists, although in an age when the belief in the possibility of the transmutation of metals was almost universal, there is very little doubt that many of the members, including Bacon himself, acquiesced in the current philosophy. They were, however, pre-eminently a learned and beneficent Order, whose avowed objects were the restoration of science and art and the alleviation of human misery. The mysterious secrecy which was assumed by the Fraternity for the purpose of shielding themselves

from derision, insult and persecution, shrouded them with a romantic glamour and led to the circulation of absurd and extravagant reports as to their supernatural and unholy powers. From time to time charlatans and impostors, finding it a profitable card to play to claim connection with the powerful Rosicrucian Brotherhood, did so, and by their swindling of credulous people caused these extravagant rumours to regain currency.

No permanent or abiding practical results have yet been attributed to the credit of the Rosicrucians. Their teaching and philosophy are admitted to have tinged and influenced current European literature, but beyond this their career is generally considered to have been as evanescent as that of a meteor. I shall endeavour to show the fallacy of this idea.

It seems very doubtful whether Rosicrucianism is yet extinct. The latest authentic record of the order is in 1794, when a Society is known to have been in existence in the Island of Mauritius; but De Quincey, who drew his opinion from Prof. Buhle, states that modern *Freemasonry* is nothing more or less than Rosicrucianism transplanted to England in a modified form. Whether this be so or not I am unqualified to say. Freemasons when interrogated either deny it or in conventional terms courteously waive the question on one side. It seems, however, almost certain

that Rosicrucianism gradually merged into Freemasonry, and that the thirty-third degree of Freemasonry is the "Rosecroix" degree. Among the Masonic brethren there are still to-day "Sovereign Princes of Rosecroix," "Princes of Rosecroix de Heroden," etc. It is of course suggested that only the very highest ranks of Freemasonry know anything at all about the topic; but that here and there the true facts are understood seems unquestionable. A writer in the "Royal Masonic Cyclopædia", (London, 1877) expresses himself as follows:

"Modern times have eagerly accepted, in the full light of science, the precious inheritance of knowledge bequeathed by the Rosicrucians, and that body has disappeared from the visible knowledge of mankind, and re-entered that invisible fraternity of which mention was made in the opening of this article. . . . It is not desirable, in a work of this kind, to make disclosures of an indiscreet nature. The Brethren of the Rosy Cross will never and should not, at peril and under alarm, give up their secrets. This ancient body has *apparently* disappeared from the field of human activity, *but its labours are being carried on with alacrity*, and with a sure delight in an ultimate success."

The subject of ciphers and cipher writing has during

Introduction.

Recent years claimed a considerable amount of attention. Attracted by curious outward indications many students of Elizabethan literature have devoted exhaustive care to the subject, and three writers have published the result of their labours. To the majority of readers the existence of these books is probably unknown. Occasionally one meets with a slighting allusion to one or the other, but as it is almost invariably prefaced by the current Shakespearean formula "I have not read the book *but*"—the writer's views do not possess that pith and dignity which they might otherwise do.

Whether the statements and narratives which the writers claim to have deciphered are genuine or merely the concoction of their exuberant imaginations remains to be proved; but as the latter hypothesis would involve forgery, fraud, and a deliberate and far-reaching literary conspiracy, it will be dismissed as preposterous; of improbabilities it is better to choose the least.

In 1888 Mr. Ignatius Donnelly claimed to have discovered the existence of a cipher story in the first folio of the Shakespeare plays. In his much abused but little read and less refuted book, "The Great Cryptogram" (the second volume of which was devoted to the subject), he endeavoured to convince the world of the truth of his theory. Partly by reason

of the complexity of his system, the full details of which he did not reveal, and partly owing to the fact that he did not produce any definite assertion of authorship, but appeared to have stumbled into the midst of a lengthy narrative, the world was not convinced, and Mr. Donnelly was greeted with Rabelaisian laughter. He has since gone to the grave unwept, unhonoured and unsung, and his secret has presumably died with him. The work of this writer was marred by many extravagant inferences, but the first volume of "The Great Cryptogram" is nevertheless a damning indictment which has not yet been answered.

In 1895 Dr. Orville W. Owen published a work purporting to consist of deciphered matter, and entitled "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story." This work, if it ever reached the hands of scholars, was greeted with absolute and profound silence. As Dr. Owen gave scarcely more than a hint of how his alleged cipher system worked, his book obviously would not come in for serious notice but for the fact that within the past twelve months a lady (who had previously been associated with him) has published a book which, unless it can be refuted, fully confirms Dr. Owen's revelations, and will revolutionize many of our literary ideas. Unlike her predecessors, the author of "The Biliteral Cipher of Sir Francis

Bacon" fully explains her methods of working and further elucidates the subject by giving facsimiles of many of the works from which she claims to have deciphered. Under these circumstances her book is not to be dismissed offhand as the concoction of a crank, but is worthy of careful and exhaustive attention.

There is nothing either surprising or inherently improbable in the suggestion that Bacon should have made use of cipher writing. It is well known that he studied the subject with great interest, and he devoted a chapter to it in "The Advancement of Learning." The principle of the Biliteral cipher is of course well known. It is the basis of our modern signalling and telegraphic codes, and can be applied in innumerable ways. Every letter of the alphabet is represented by a group of five characters arranged in a certain order. It is of no consequence what these characters be, provided they are capable of distinction. In telegraphy the two forms are represented by dashes and dots. The two differences, when applied to printed matter, may be either two distinct forms of every capital and small letter, or the form of the letters may be the same; but the distinction conveyed by their position above or below the level of the line, or by their angle of slope. It is unquestionable that at least two founts of type have been used

in many Elizabethan books, a peculiarity which does not prevail in all early English literature. In the capital letters the differences are so sufficiently marked that they are at once apparent; but as Mrs. Gallup states in her introduction, "the distinguishing features in the small letters, from age of the books, blots and poor printing, have been more difficult to classify, and close examination and study have been required to separate and sketch out the variations, and educate the eye to distinguish them. . . . Anyone possessing the original books, who has sufficient patience and a keen eye for form, can work out and verify the cipher from the illustrations given. Nothing is left to choice, chance, or the imagination."

Whether we accept Mrs. Gallup's decipherings as authentic, or cynically dismiss them as fabrications, will not affect their inherent literary value or the serene beauty of their thought and diction. I happen to know that while Mrs. Gallup was recently in London and deciphering day by day from old editions at the British Museum, her publishers invited certain eminent Shakespearean scholars to meet her there and test the genuineness of her methods; but to them it was a laughing matter and they disdainfully declined. Messrs. Gay and Bird then forwarded a copy of her book to the editor of an august newspaper asking him to send a representative to meet Mrs. Gallup and

satisfy himself of the genuineness of her discovery. I have before me a copy of the reply. It reads as follows:

"The editor regrets he is unable to avail himself of Messrs. Gay and Bird's invitation to examine the theory of Bacon's bi-literal cipher."

Such an exhibition of stonewall apathy would be ludicrous were it not sad, and one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry. It would be thought that the bare possibility of lifting the veil from the past would have inspired the most torpid and indifferent to pursue even the faintest clue.

Living as we do in an age of peace and security, it is difficult to realize the conditions which prevailed in bygone days. The Elizabethan age was pre-eminently an era of intrigue, treachery and sudden death, and the conditions of life may be fairly well gauged by the importance which men then attached to the art of cryptography. This is sufficiently evident by the great number of treatises and books which were published upon the subject. Necessity was doubtless the mother of these many ingenious inventions for self protection. In those days of faction and intrigue no man's house was secure against a Star Chamber warrant for his person and his papers. When young Francis Bacon was a boy of eleven, that crowning horror of the centuries was perpetrated—the massacre

of St. Bartholomew's Eve—"a ferocious cruelty without a parallel in all antiquity." Within twenty years of Bacon's death the rack, the thumbscrew and the axe, nose splitting and ear cropping had lashed our phlegmatic nation into the storm which shattered the throne of Charles I. In the year 1530 Press censorship was established. It was not abolished until 1694. We read in cipher: "Nought which her majesty disapproved could ever finde a printer." If by any chance anything to which Her Majesty took exception happened to find its way into print, the unhappy printer, if he were not broken upon the rack or the flesh and bones of his lower limbs smashed into a pulp in "the boot," had his hands cut off and the stumps seared with a red hot iron. We find Bacon's contemporary, Sir Walter Raleigh, in the preface to his "History of the World," compiled while he was a prisoner in the Tower, writing:

"I know that it will be said by many that I might have been more pleasing to the reader, if I had written the story of mine own times, having been permitted to draw water as near the well-head as another. To this I answer that whosoever in writing a modern history shall follow Truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out its teeth. There is no mistress or guide that hath led her followers and servants into greater miseries."

Although "The History of the World" does not deal with events later than 170 B.C., it was suppressed by James I. as being "too saucy in censuring the acts of Kings."

Now thoughtful Englishmen were not fools in those days, and it seems exceedingly likely that steps would be taken to evade or circumvent the censor. As a means to this end, cipher writing would no doubt commend itself. Without the assistance of the correct key it would be a sheer impossibility to detect the existence of a system such as Bacon's Biliteral.

Living in times so infamous, we find him writing in cipher: "Though constantly hemmed about, threatened, kept under surveillance, I have written this history in full in the cipher, being fully persuaded in my owne minde and heart that not onely jesting Pilate, but the world, aske, 'What is truth?'" And again: "Watching th' storms, but saying no unmeani'g word, I put forth my secret letters. It may bee noe eie will note, no hand will ayde. If this be true, I die and make no sign."

Here Bacon is seen as it were struggling to remove the gag from his mouth, and to signal to posterity the true story of his own times; at a later period he was influenced by different motives.

If men take the trouble to convey secrets in cipher, it

is not illogical to anticipate that the facts so carefully concealed will be commensurate in importance with the trouble taken to conceal them. It was not unreasonably urged against Mr. Donnelly that his vaunted revelations were mere scraps of irrelevant gossip. The statements revealed by means of the Bilitteral cipher are on the other hand so amazing that they will be condemned as erring in the other direction. We are told that Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth, who, while she was imprisoned in the Tower, was secretly married to her fellow prisoner, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. That not only was Bacon the author of the works attributed to Shakespeare, but also of an immense amount of similar literature, in most instances of an inferior and immature character.

These astonishing statements prove to be less remarkable than the "coincidences" which become manifest when we commence to look below the surface and to analyze the styles of the various writers whose authorship is impugned.

We know Bacon's reply to Elizabeth on an occasion when she proposed to rack the reputed author of a seditious pamphlet, in order to extort the name of the true writer:

"Nay, madam, rack not his body—*rack his style*, give him paper and pens, with help of books bid

him carry on his tale. By comparing the two parts, I will tell you if he be the true man."

Most Englishmen hold to the opinion that Shakespeare was a lone genius; an intellectual eagle who soared nearer to the sun than other men, and that the rhythmic beat of his great pinions is unique and inimitable. But according to Shakespearean scholars this is quite a fallacy. Christopher Marlowe, a blasphemous drunken reprobate, also George Peele and Robert Greene, two small wrens of a similar character, fly abreast with our great poet, and the measured march of his wondrous music is indistinguishable from their modest song. The style of all four writers is so similar that Prof. Dowden and other authorities are driven to suggest that Greene, Peele, Marlowe and Shakespeare sometimes worked in collaboration.

The fable of the eagle, upon whose back a wren rose heavenwards, will at once suggest itself. Shakespeare appears to have carried with him in his upward flight into Immortality a small colony of inferior men. Some of our literary stars may prove to have been shining with a borrowed lustre, but by losing them we gain a Sun whose radiance will make men stand as in a dream.

Owing to the necessity of having to compress much matter into little room, I have necessarily been com-

pelled to be curt and laconic. I trust that in no case has lucidity been sacrificed to terseness. From the deciphered narratives of Mrs. Gallup and Dr. Orville W. Owen[1] I have quoted largely, leaving them to tell their own tale. A lover of literature will decide in five minutes whether they possess the true ring and rhythm—whether he is face to face with a cunningly devised fable, a second Ireland forgery, or with "Shakespeare" veritably *redivivus* and speaking across the ages.

[1] "The Biliteral Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon," 1 vol., 1900 Elizabeth Wells Gallup (Gay and Bird).

"Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," 5 vols., 1895, Dr. Orville W. Owen (Gay and Bird).

PART I

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS

"Verily we must confess that the world in those days did bring forth painful worthy men who brake with all force through darkness and barbarism and left us who succeeded to follow them."—*Fama Fraternitatis R. C.*

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE SECRET OF ELIZABETHAN PAPERMARKS

"If God doth grant me a long life so to complete these varied labours, it shall bee well for th' world, since I am seeking not my owne honour, but th' honor and advancement, th' dignitie and enduring good of all mankinde."—FRANCIS BACON, *Biliteral Cipher*, p. 98.

IN the early years of the seventeenth century, a singular Brotherhood or Secret Society sprang into prominence in Europe. Its founder was, until recently, believed to have been Johann Valentin Andreas, *a learned monk, who, having a profound sense of the gross and innumerable evils which afflicted mankind, sought by means of a secret Fraternity to redress them.*

The Brethren of the Rose and Cross, known as "The Rosecroix" or "Rosicrucians," are believed to have taken their name from their emblem of a rose combined with a cross, these two symbols, in all probability, expressing the Rosicrucian philosophy,

which, so far as we are able to judge, was a mixture of Western Christianity and Eastern Mysticism. The early history of the Fraternity is fabulous and unreliable—as fabulous as that of Freemasonry, which gravely asks us to believe that Enoch was a very eminent Mason, and that a Lodge was in full activity upon the Plains of Shinar.

"There are," says Mr. A. E. Waite, "no vestiges of the Rosicrucians traceable before the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the belief in their antiquity originates in *a priori*, considerations which are concerned with the predilections and prejudices of thinkers, whose faith and imagination have been favoured by evolution or environment at the expense of their judgment."

In the year 1614, or thereabouts, there was published anonymously in Germany, a singular skit, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "A Universal Reformation of the Whole Wide World." In this the corrupt Age is supposed to be brought to trial by order of the God Apollo, and various remedies for the cure of its ailments and diseases are suggested by eminent classical philosophers. In an English translation of this work, which is attributed to the Rosicrucians, *Sir Francis Bacon* is designated as Chancellor of the Great Assize. Sir Francis Bacon is also further identified with the Fraternity by the fact that his "New Atlantis" was

in after years, published almost word for word by John Heydon, a mystical writer claiming to be fully acquainted with the secret cabala of Rosicrucianism. Either this was a case of literary theft, or the "New Atlantis" was really prepared in the first instance for the use of the mysterious Fraternity, and Heydon was justified in his action. As he was a highly esteemed man of good birth and education, the latter seems the preferable explanation.

The "New Atlantis" is a remarkable book, quite unlike in style to anything else amongst Bacon's acknowledged works. His chaplain, Dr. Rawley, describes it as a "fable my lord devised that he might exhibit therein a model or description of a college instituted for the interpreting of Nature and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of man." The 1638 edition of the book bears upon its title-page the imprint of a large Tudor rose, within which is a flamboyant heart. Mr. Waite states that he is in a position to affirm that the esoteric emblem of the Rosicrucian fraternity was a Tudor rose inclosing a heart impressed with a cross. The difference between the two designs is so slight that the fact of the appearance of this emblem upon "The New Atlantis" cannot be dismissed as coincidence. I shall show hereafter that the wood-cuts which adorn so many sixteenth and seventeenth

century publications, are not conventional designs due to the whim or caprice of the draughtsman or the printer, but that they probably all possess pregnant meanings.

When John Heydon annexed "The New Atlantis" and published it as though it were his own, he altered it in several slight but important details. The Island of the New Atlantis became the "Land of the Rosicrucians," and wherever Bacon used the term "Solomon's House," Heydon substituted "The Temple of the Rosie Cross," or some similar expression, as in the passage following:

"Amongst the excellent acts of that king one above all hath the preëminence, it was the erection and institution of an order or Society which we call '*Solomon's House*' (*altered by John Heydon to* '*The Temple of the Rosie Cross*'), the noblest foundation as we think that ever was upon the earth and the lanthorn of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God."

The idea that the book was no mere visionary dream, but, on the contrary, a thinly-veiled true description of the Rosicrucian fraternity was, I believe, first put forward in 1888 by Mr. W. F. C. Wigston. In the following pages I hope to produce evidence which will carry conviction of the truth of his prophecy.

In 1614-1616, or thereabouts, two mysterious mani-

festoes were issued, addressed "To the learned in general and the Governers of Europe," and entitled respectively "Fama Fraternitatis R.C." and "Confessio Fraternitatis R.C." Although these documents appeared in Germany, there is reason to believe that they were also published simultaneously in other countries. It is stated in the "Fama," that the manifesto is set forth in *five languages*, and the same assertion is repeated in the "Confessio." "We have by no means made common property of our arcana, although they resound in five languages within the ears of the vulgar." It seems possible that the German editions are the only ones that happen to have survived the wreck of time. This probably has led to Germany being erroneously associated with Rosicrucianism, whereas, various writers have testified that, in spite of their endeavours to trace the Fraternity there, they were unable to do so, and hence inclined to the opinion that the existence of the Order was merely an ingenious fiction.

The following extract is quoted from Mr. Waite's translation of the "Confessio":

"For conclusion of our Confession, we must earnestly admonish you, that you cast away, if not all, yet most of the worthless books of pseudo chymists, to whom it is a jest to apply the Most Holy Trinity to vain things, or to deceive men with monstrous symbols

and enigmas, or to profit by the curiosity of the credulous: *our age doth produce many such, one of the greatest being a stage player, a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition;*[1] such doth the enemy of human welfare mingle among the good seed, thereby to make the truth more difficult to be believed, which in herself is simple and naked, whilst falsehood is proud, haughty, and coloured with a lustre of seeming godly and humane wisdom. Ye that are wise eschew such books and have recourse to us, who seek not your moneys, but offer unto you most willingly our great treasures. We hunt not after your goods with invented lying tinctures, but desire to make you partakers of our goods. We do not reject parables, but invite you to the clear and simple explanation of all secrets; we seek not to be received of you, but call you unto our more than kingly houses and palaces, by no motion of our own, but (lest you be ignorant of it) as forced thereto by the Spirit of God, commanded by the testament of our most excellent Father, and impelled by the occasion of this present time.

"What think you therefore, O Mortals, seeing that we sincerely confess Christ, execrate the Pope, addict ourselves to the true philosophy, lead a worthy life,

[1] The italicised lines seem to refer to the play-actor Shakspere; but the point need not be pressed. Here and throughout the italics are mine.

and dayly call, intreat and invite many more unto our Fraternity, unto whom the same Light of God likewise appeareth? Consider you not that, having pondered the gifts which are in you; having measured your understanding in the Word of God, and having weighed the imperfection and inconsistencies of all the arts, you may at length in the future deliberate with us upon their remedy, co-operate in the Word of God, and be serviceable to the constitution of your time?"

It is quite a fallacy to suppose that the Rosicrucians were alchemists. Mr. Waite informs us that they "were pre-eminently a learned Society, and they were also a Christian sect." Upon this point the "Confessio Fraternitatis" is very emphatic.

"Some make sport of Scripture, as if it were a tablet of wax to be indifferently made use of by theologians, philosophers, doctors and mathematicians. Be it ours rather to bear witness that from the beginning of the world there hath not been given to man a more excellent, admirable and wholesome book than the Holy Bible; Blessed is he who possesses it, more blessed is he who reads it, most blessed of all is he who truly understandeth it, while he is most like to God who both understands and obeys it."

In terms equally emphatic the "Fama Fraternitatis" condemns "that ungodly and accursed goldmaking which hath gotten so much the upper hand whereby

under color of it many runagates and roguish people do use great villainies and cozen and abuse."

The "Fama" and "Confessio Fraternitatis, R.C." are strikingly identical in aim, thought and diction with what is known as "Baconian" philosophy, and the conclusion is inevitable, that unless they were inspired, or emanated indirectly from Sir Francis Bacon, there must have been a contemporary writer, not only actuated by the same noble and far-reaching schemes for the advancement of knowledge, and the restoration of all sciences and arts, but who even forestalled Bacon in many of his pet projects and ideas.

Bacon's claims have, however, never yet been contested. Macaulay tells us that "the philosophy which he taught was *essentially new*. It differed from that of the celebrated ancient teachers, not merely in method, but also in object. Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand, the word good. . . . His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen, and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career." [1]

In order that we may properly appreciate the density of the darkness which Bacon with his God-like abilities did so much to dispel, it is well that we should endeavour to realize at what an amazingly low ebb knowledge then stood. Modern teaching and traditions have greatly misled us in this direction. It is popularly supposed that the Elizabethan era was a Golden age of Poesie, Learning and Erudition, that giant minds jostled each other at the court, and that poets swarmed in every tavern. Sidelights on contemporary history do not confirm this legend; on the contrary, the prevailing darkness, barbarism, and want of enlightenment seem to have been incredible. The conditions which existed in connection with the theatre are too gross and obscene to bear printing. With regard to the general condition of the country, it is a fact not commonly known that professional witchfinders—paid at the rate of 20*s.* for every convicted witch—roamed hither and thither "smelling out" and denouncing on the most ridiculous and flimsy pretences not only women but small children and even animals. During the thirty-nine years prior to the accession of James I.—who was an expert in demonology—upwards of *seventeen thousand* people in Scotland alone were tried, tortured, and put to a horrible death for alleged witchcraft. I cite this as but one example of the ignorance which prevailed not only in

our country but throughout Europe generally, as it was the *educated* classes, the clergy, the magistrates, and the aristocracy who were responsible for atrocities even more horrible than those perpetrated by the Holy Inquisition of Spain.

At the age of *fifteen* Bacon besought his parents to remove him from Cambridge as *he had acquired everything the university was able to teach!* In the "Fama Fraternitatis" the Rosicrucians refer to their founder as being "but of the age of *sixteen* years when he came thither." It is almost inconceivable that there were in Europe at this time two youthful prodigies, both filled with the same colossal and far-reaching schemes for the advancement of learning and the benefit of mankind. From the Preface to "The Great Instauration" we know exactly what were Bacon's designs. Moreover, it will be noticed that although "he was no dashing man, but ever a fosterer of other men's parts," he states *he stands alone*, and gives no hint of a philosophical fellow-worker. We read:

"Francis of Verulam thought thus, and such is the method which he determined within himself, and which he thought it concerned the living and posterity to know."

* * * *

"Human knowledge . . . is not well put together

nor justly formed, but resembles a magnificent structure that has no foundation.

"And whilst men agree to admire and magnify the false powers of the mind, and neglect or destroy those that might be rendered true, there is no other course left but with better assistance to begin the work anew, and raise or rebuild the sciences, arts, and all human knowledge from a firm and solid basis.

"This may at first seem an infinite scheme, unequal to human abilities, yet it will be found more sound and judicious than the course hitherto pursued, as tending to some issue; whereas all hitherto done with regard to the sciences is vertiginous, or in the way of perpetual rotation.

"Nor is he ignorant that *he stands alone* in an experiment almost too bold and astonishing to obtain credit, yet he thought it not right to desert either the cause or himself, but to boldly enter on the way."

It is obvious from this that Bacon's ambition was identically that of the Rosicrucians—the reconstruction or "restauration" of all sciences and arts.

Macaulay, discussing the philosophy of Bacon, says: "It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately

an elevation, and stands with such immovable strength."[1]

Macaulay writ truer than he knew. It will be seen that Francis Bacon dug his foundations deeper, and reared his Temple of Wisdom to an elevation incomparably more lofty than mankind has as yet either realized or even suspected. We find Bacon "confessing" that he has "*vast contemplative ends*," and constantly reiterating that he needs helpers to carry his designs into practice. In 1594 he wrote to his uncle Burleigh: "I do easily see that place of any reasonable countenance doth bring commandment of more wits than a man's own, *which is a thing I greatly affect.*" And in "The Advancement of Learning," he says:

"I doe foresee that many of those things which I shall register as deficients, will incurre diverse censures, as that . . . they are impossible to be compassed by human industries. . . . All those things are to be held possible and performeable which may be accomplisht by some person, thoe not by everyone, and which may be done by the united labours of many, thoe not by any one apart, and which may be effected in a succession of ages, though not in the same age. . . ."

"A full accomplishment cannot be expected in a

[1] Essay.

single age, and must therefore be commended to posterity. . . ."

"We therefore humbly beseech Thee to strengthen our purpose, that Thou may'st be willing to endow Thy family of mankind with new gifts through our hands and the hands of those in whom Thou shalt implant the same Spirit."

History has recorded for us how the Lord Chancellor loved to win over to his services the talents of the "young schollars" of the universities. Macaulay says: "In his magnificent grounds he erected, at a cost of ten thousand pounds, a retreat to which he repaired when he wished to avoid all visitors, and to devote himself wholly to study. On such occasions, a few young men of distinguished talents were sometimes the companions of his retirement, and among them his quick eye soon discerned the superior abilities of Thomas Hobbes. It is not probable, however, that he fully appreciated the powers of his disciple, or foresaw the vast influence, both for good and for evil, which that most vigorous and acute of human intellects was destined to exercise on the two succeeding generations."[1]

These "few young men of distinguished talents" were, in all probability, the nucleus of that vast Order and Fraternity for nobleness, enterprise,

[1] Essay.

obedience and the like,[1] whose operations it is so fascinating to trace, or—to speak more correctly—are yet to be traced.

Among Bacon's papers we find the following memoranda. They are short and scrappy, but sufficient to prove that some practical scheme for the advancement of learning was already on foot: Under date July 26th, 1608—six years before the appearance of the first Rosicrucian manifesto—we read: "*Query of learned men beyond the seas to be made and hearkening who they be that may be so inclined.*" And again:

"Layeing for a place to command wytts and pennes, Westminster, Eton, Wynchester, spec(ially) Trinity Coll., Cam., St. John's, Cam.; Maudlin Coll., Oxford.

"Qu. Of young schollars in ye universities. It must be the post nati. Giving pensions to four, to compile the two histories, ut supra. Foundac: Of a college for inventors. Library, Inginary.

[1] In a letter to King James I. written by Bacon after his dismissal, in which he offers to make a digest of the laws of England, the following passage occurs:

"Surely the better works of perpetuity in Princes are those that wash the inside of the cup. Such as are Foundations of Colleges and Lectures for Learning and Education of youth: likewise Foundations and Institutions of Orders and Fraternities for nobleness, enterprise and obedience and the like."

"Qu. Of the order and discipline, the rules and praescripts of their studyes and inquyries, allowances for travelling, intelligence, and correspondence with ye universitiea abroad.

"Qu. Of the maner and præscripts touching *secresy*, *traditions* and *publication*."

A comparison of these memoranda with the rules and regulations of Solomon's House which Bacon gives us in "The New Atlantis," strengthen the conviction that the scheme which was to produce great and marvellous works for the benefit of man, was actually carried into practice. Spedding, Bacon's greatest biographer, tells us that: "In him the gift of seeing in prophetic vision what might be and ought to be, was united with the practical talent of devising means and handling minute details. He could at once imagine, like a poet, and execute like a clerk of the works. Upon the conviction, 'This may be done,' followed at once the question, 'How may it be done?' Upon that question answered, followed the resolution to try and do it." Bearing this in mind, I invite the reader to note carefully the following passage from "The New Atlantis:"

"God bless thee, my son. I will give thee the greatest jewel I have, for I will impart unto thee for the love of God and men, a relation of the

true state of Solomon's House. First I will set forth unto you the end of our Foundation, Secondly the preparations and instruments we have for our works. Thirdly the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned, and Fourthly the ordinances and rites which we observe.

"The end of our Foundation is the Knowledge of Causes and secret motions of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible. . . ."

"For the several employments and offices of our fellows, we have twelve that sail into foreign countries under the names of other nations, for our own we conceal, who bring us the books and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call 'merchants of light.'

"We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call 'depredators.'

"We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts, and also of liberal sciences, and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call 'mystery men.'

"We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call 'pioneers' or 'miners.'

"We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better

light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call 'compilers.'

"We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means of natural divination, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call 'dowry men,' or 'benefactors.'

"Then, after divers meetings, and consults of our whole number, to consider of the former labours and collections, we have three that take care out of them to direct new experiments of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call 'lamps.'

"We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call 'inoculators.'

"Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms, and aphorisms. These we call 'interpreters of nature.'

"We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men ('*of our fraternity of the Rosie Cross*,' here inserted by Heydon) do not fail; besides a great

number of servants and attendants, men and *women*.[1] And this we do also; we have consultations which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not; and take all an oath of secrecy for the concealing of those which we think meet to keep secret, though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the state, and some not.

* * * * *

"We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for his marvellous works; and forms of prayers, imploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning them into good and holy uses.

"Lastly, we have circuits, or visits, of divers principal cities of the kingdom, where, as it cometh to pass, we do publish such new profitable inventions as we think good. And we do also declare natural divinations of diseases, plagues, swarms of hurtful creatures, scarcity, tempests, earthquakes, great inundations, comets, temperature of the year, and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon, what the people shall do for the prevention and remedy of them."

"And when he had said this, he stood up: ~~and I~~, as I

[1] *Women* were admitted into Rosicrucian fellowship. See Waite's "Real Hist. of the Rosicrucians."

had been taught, kneeled down, and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said: "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made; I give thee leave to publish it for the good of other nations, for we here are in God's bosom, a land unknown."

From the preceding quotations it is obvious that one of the principal objects of the scheme was the collection and publication of knowledge, and we are no doubt indebted to Rosicrucianism for many of the noble productions which were published in England, and on the Continent, between the years 1600 and 1700, or thereabouts.

Some of these publications were colossal, consisting not infrequently of upwards of a thousand folio pages of small italic type. Take one of them to a modern publisher—ask him to estimate the cost of producing such a volume to-day, and inquire how many copies it would be necessary to sell, in order to make its production remunerative! Multiply the modern cost, say, ten times, and then conceive what inducement there could have been to an old-time bookseller to publish such a work, unless supported by some powerful and wealthy organization, working for something other than pecuniary profit.

That the books in question were published with a high motive is to be inferred by the frequency with

which we meet with, after the word "FINIS," such sentences as, "To God only wise be praise through Jesus Christ for ever."

"Laus Deo."

"Soli Deo Gratia."

"Non nobis Domine non nobis sed nomini tuo da gloriam."

Even in purely secular treatises we find the letters L.S.D., which, for lack of a better suggestion, I interpret to mean (L)aus (S)oli (D)eo.

Bacon drew no hard and fast line between things sacred and secular. Although the publications which we have reason to suppose were produced under the auspices of the Rosicrucians are for the most part works of a religious and educational character, the catholic and broad-minded philosophy of their producers embraced everything and anything that tended to sweeten or alleviate the misery of man.

It has been found practicable to trace the publications of the silent and beneficent fraternity by singularly simple means. Like most Secret Societies they made large use of parables, signs, passwords and emblems. Indeed, much of their philosophy seems to have been expressed by means of symbols and metaphors, comprehensible to the "illuminati," but not to the "profane vulgar." Hence, when we discover peculiar and distinctive Rosicrucian symbols, cunningly but

unquestionably concealed in the ornamental head and tail pieces, and *water-marked into the paper* of certain books, we are justified in concluding that these particular works were produced under the auspices of Rosicrucian writers, who, thus, so to speak, *hall-marked* their productions.

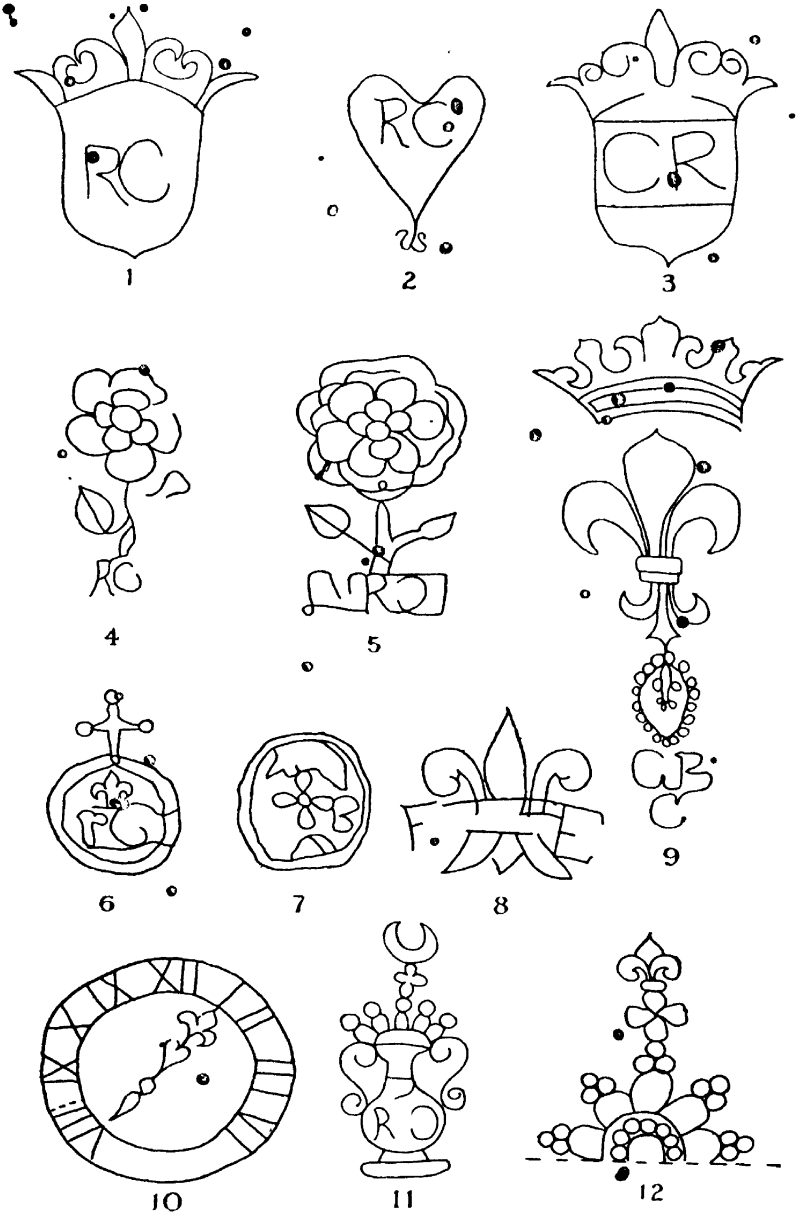
A paper-mark is, at the present day, nothing more than a trade sign and advertisement of the maker, but the devices which occur in a certain circle of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature, do not come under this category. It is to be noted that frequently, upwards of forty or fifty different designs of papermark are to be found in a single volume. This will strike the reader as "curious," but to anyone who is familiar with the intricacies of papermaking and publishing the technical difficulties will appear so great that, without the evidence of one's own eyes in support of the fact, it would be dismissed as incredible.

I do not propose to weary the reader with the technicalities of paper-making, but it may be mentioned that hand-made paper is to-day, and, as far as we know, was in the sixteenth century manufactured by means of what is known as a "mould." These implements are shallow wire gauze trays, by means of which the papermaker dips up from his vat a certain quantity of pulped rag. This layer of pulp on drying becomes a

sheet of paper. What is known as a watermark, or papermark, is produced by means of wires fixed to the mould in the required design. The design, whatsoever it may be, impresses itself upon the soft wet pulp, and is conspicuous when held up to the light.

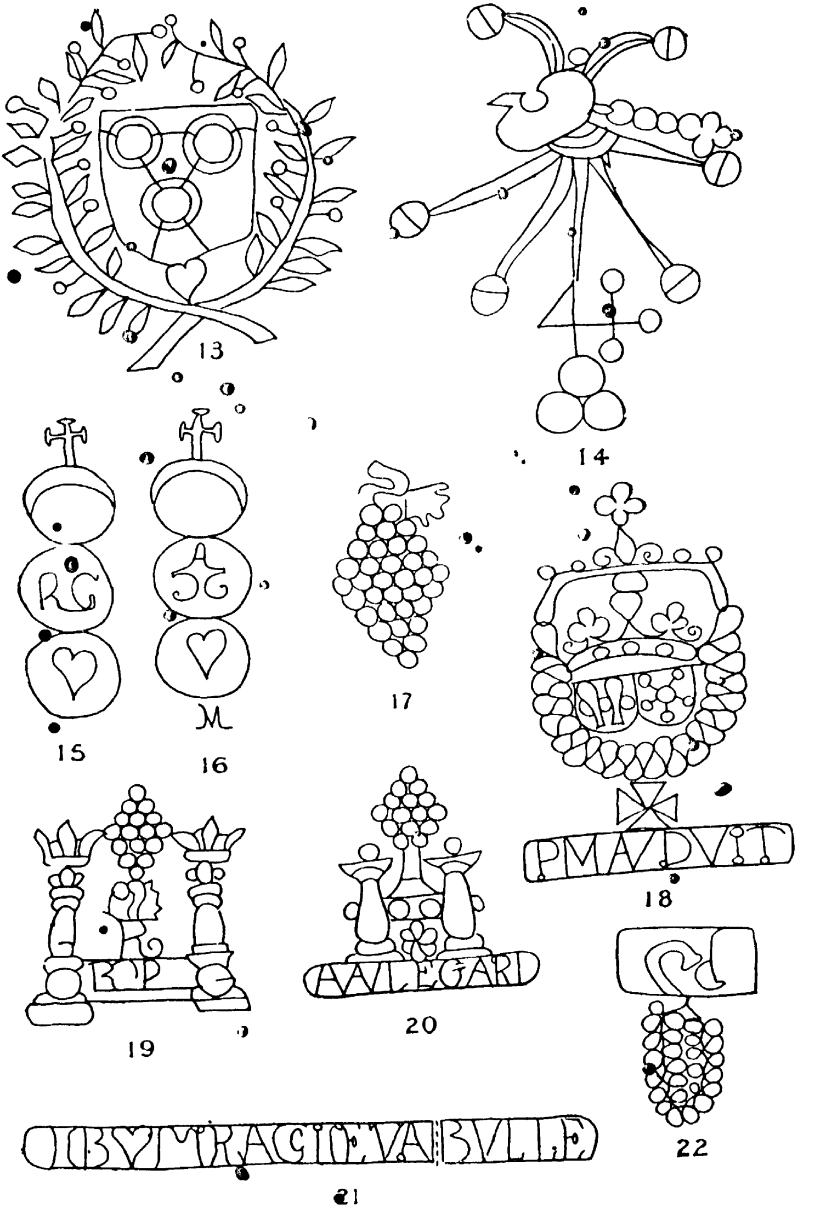
Every different device, or every modification of a given device, obviously necessitates a different mould. The average cost of one of these implements to-day is between £7 and £10, and three hundred years ago it was probably very much more. When then in *one single volume* we find upwards of *thirty or forty different varieties of watermark*, the mind reels at the thought of the enormous expense which this fact involves. In Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" (Oxford, 1640), there are quite forty-four different varieties. This number is not at all uncommon. I have before me drawings of forty-six different designs occurring in a small pott quarto volume. By whose orders and with what object was this trouble taken? It is obvious that no sane printer or bookseller would in the ordinary course of his trade have put himself to so unnecessary and needless a labour and expense.

I reproduce, in one-half their natural size, a few typical examples of these curious papermarks. The British Museum have no records that throw light



WATERMARKED SYMBOLS

(*See List of Illustrations, p. xiii.*)



WATERMARKED SYMBOLS

(*See List of Illustrations, p. xiv.*)

upon the subject, but that learned lady, Mrs. Henry Pott, who was the first to draw attention to their existence in a work published in 1891, entitled "Sir Francis Bacon and his Secret Society," suggests that the philosophy of Bacon and the Rosicrucians is a likely key to unlock the mystery. I have but pursued a little further paths of research indicated by that patient investigator.

In the "Fama Fraternitatis" certain rules are laid down as having been agreed to by the founders of the Order. Rule No. 5 reads as follows: "*The Word R. C. should be their seal mark and character.*" This "word R. C." may be seen in papermarks Nos. 1 and elsewhere. Mr. A. E. Waite informs us that "The 'Fama Fraternitatis' makes use of the initials C. R., afterwards of R. C., C. R. C., etc., to designate their founder." The initials C. R. may also be seen as a papermark in fig. 3, and possibly the initials C. R. C. at the base of fig. 9.

In the "Fama Fraternitatis R. C.," we read: "Our ROTA takes her beginning from that day when God spake FIAT, and shall end when he shall speak FERIAT; yet God's clock striketh every minute, where ours scarce striketh perfect hours." Fig. 10 is an example of a watermarked clock. If the disarrangement of the hours upon the dial be an outward indication of internal disorder, the lamentable

inaccuracy of the strike is not a subject for surprise. The meaning of this strange symbol will appear later.

Mr. W. F. C. Wigston informs us that "The Rose and the Lily were the two flowers specially representative and emblematic of the Rosicrucian fraternity. Their jewel was a crucified Rose, mounted on a Calvary, and, for the connection of the Lily, or Fleur-de-Lys with the Society, I must refer the reader to Hargrave Jennings' 'Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries' (chap. viii., vol. i.), where he will find a strange history of the Fleur-de-Lys, Lucifera Lisses, etc." [1]

Figs. 4 and 5 are examples of watermarked Roses, beneath which will be noted the letters "R. C." Figs. 8 and 9 are examples of watermarked Fleurs-de-Lys. The three heads of the Fleur-de-Lys have been said to typify the Trinity. The Rose was the symbol of silence and secrecy; whence the common expression "*sub rosa*."

Mr. W. F. C. Wigston further informs us that: "Another favourite simile of the Rosicrucians is the Platonic metaphor, to express the participation of idea with matter, as seal and impress or print. Plato used this expression with regard to the stamp of a die, or seal upon wax. . . . This is prominent

[1] "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet and Philosopher," p. 317.

in the preface by Wats to Prince Charles, prefacing his translation of the 'De Augmentis,' 'Yet with great applause he (Bacon) acted both these high parts of the greatest scholar and the greatest statesman of his time, and so quit himself in both as one and the same person, in title and merit, became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England and of *the Great Seal of Nature*, both at once, *which is a mystery beyond the comprehension* of his own times.'" [1]

Figs. 6 and 7 are examples of what is apparently a watermarked seal or die. The rude lettering beneath the Fleur-de-Lys in fig. 6 may perhaps be a disguised form of the letters R. C. It is sometimes difficult when these designs are obliterated on both sides of the paper with printing ink, to clearly distinguish and correctly trace them.

In the year 1615, a work was published entitled "Echo of the God-Illuminated Brotherhood of the Worthy Order R. C." In this we find the Brethren are called upon *in the name of the Holy Trinity* to meet together and to teach the true light to the world. It seems probable that the Trinity was a fundamental doctrine of the Order, and that we herein find the explanation of their frequent use of the Fleur-de-Lys as a symbol. The emblem of the Godhead may be seen in fig. 13, supported by a

[1] "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet and Philosopher," p. 336.

wreath of olive, and in a different form at the base of fig. 14. The circle is the emblem of Eternity, hence three circles conjoined is no doubt the symbol of the Triune God, "that Trinitie and Unitie," to quote an old writer, "which this globous triangle in a mortall immortall figure represents."[1] The number "4" which appears above the globous triangle is a philosophical figure expressing the four elements, the four winds, the four seasons, and the four dimensions of space. It denotes the Universe, and by conjunction with the *three* upon which it is based we get the mystic number *seven*, which is generally held to signify completion or perfection—God supporting His Universe.

In addition to the preceding papermarks there are others, the meaning of which is less obvious. They may be divided into four classes or divisions. In each class incredible variety of detail occurs.

(1) The cluster of grapes (fig. 17).
(2) The two pillars (figs. 19 and 20).
(3) The vase (fig. 11).
(4) "Jupiter's chain" (figs. 18 and 22).

They are to be found simple, or more frequently in combination, such as the grapes sprouting from a vase, or from between the pillars, and, although the

[1] "Microcosmus" (Purchas'), Lond. 1619.

leading characteristics remain always the same, we find slight modifications so incessantly and persistently introduced, that we are led to the conclusion that the Rosicrucian philosophy was closely allied to that of Freemasonry, of which it is a dictum that a *slight* variation of a symbol may make a great difference to its inner meaning.

It may perhaps be well to put forward here a tentative explanation of the meaning of these papermarks. Mrs. Pott suggests that that which the cluster of grapes is intended to express is to be found in the following passage:

"Men have, in the matter of sciences, drunk a crude liquor like water, either flowing spontaneously from the understanding, or drawn up by logic, as by wheels from a well. Whereas *I pledge mankind in a liquor pressed from countless grapes—from grapes ripe and fully seasoned, collected in clusters, and gathered*, and then squeezed in the press, and then, finally, purified and clarified in the vat." [1]

In the prayer addressed to God by Bacon after his dismissal, the following passage occurs: "*This vine*, which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods."

[1] "Nov. Org.," Bk. I., ch. xxiii.

The suggestion that he was alluding to the beneficent Order of the Rose and Cross seems a not unreasonable one.

Watermark No. 2 appears to represent two columns or pillars. This symbol is probably the most familiar one of Freemasonry. I believe it is known as the Pillars of Solomon's House, and that it is the emblem of those two faculties of man's mind, THE WILL and THE UNDERSTANDING. In the engraved frontispiece to the 1640 edition of the "Advancement of Learning," the two columns appear very conspicuously. In many sixteenth and seventeenth frontispieces the same design occurs in the form of two columns around which are woven clusters of grapes. A good example may be seen in "Hollingshed's Chronicles."[1]

In figs. 19 and 20 we see examples of *paper-marked* columns and grape clusters combined.

Watermark No 3, sometimes a single and sometimes a double-handled vase, dates back prior to the time of Francis Bacon; but he seems to have elaborated, and thereby added, a new significance to it by grafting on the grapes, and various other symbols—such as expanding rays, moons, crosses and Fleurs-de-Lys.

Bacon says that, "The means for the advancement of learning include three things: The places of learning,

[1] Hooker, London, 1587.

the books of learning and the persons of the learned. For, as water, whether it be the dew of Heaven or the springs of the Earth, easily scatters and loses itself in the ground, *except it be collected into some receptacle*, where it may by union, consort, comfort and sustain itself . . . so this excellent liquor of knowledge . . . would soon perish and vanish into oblivion, if it were not preserved in books,[1] traditions and conferences." [2] The combination of the grape clusters springing from the mouth of the vase, seems to express metaphorically that the books wherein this watermark is found contain the "liquor pressed from countless grapes," with which he "pledged mankind."

Of watermark No. 4—which for the sake of distinction I allude to as "Jupiter's Chain"—the principal and most persistent feature is the linked chain which surrounds the inward detail. This, in all probability, is intended to represent the chain of natural causes, alluded to by Homer, and frequently mentioned by Rosicrucian apologists. We find Bacon referring to "That excellent and Divine fable of the Golden Chain, namely, that Men were not able to

[1] Bacon appears to have borrowed this idea from Richard Aungervyle, Bishop of Durham, a thirteenth century writer. In his "Philobiblon" we find books apostrophised as "wells of living water," and "*golden urns in which manna is laid up.*"

[2] Quoted in "Sir Francis Bacon and his Secret Society," p. 349.

draw Jupiter down to the earth; but, contrariwise, Jupiter was able to draw them up to Heaven;" and again: "A little or superficiall test of Philosophy may perchance incline the Mind of Man to Atheisme, but a full draught thereof brings the mind back againe to Religion. For in the entrance of Philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, doe offer themselves to the mind of Man, and the mind itselfe cleaves unto them and dwells there, an oblivion of the Highest Cause may creep in, but when a man passeth on farther and beholds the dependency, continuation and confederacy of causes, and the workes of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the Poets, he will easily believe that the highest linke of Nature's chains must needs be tyed to the foot of Jupiter's chaire." [1]

This chain by which mankind is to be drawn Heavenwards, figures in innumerable forms. The most frequent design is as in fig. 18. It will be noted that the links consist of a series of "S.S.," probably standing for "(s)ANCTUM (s)ANCTORUM" or "(s)ANCTUS (s)PIRITUS." The internal designs vary incessantly. Fig 16 is an example of Jupiter's chain uncombined with any internal design. It will be seen that the device consists of one unbroken thread forming a double row of s.s., and that these two symbols—the

[1] "Advancement of Learning."

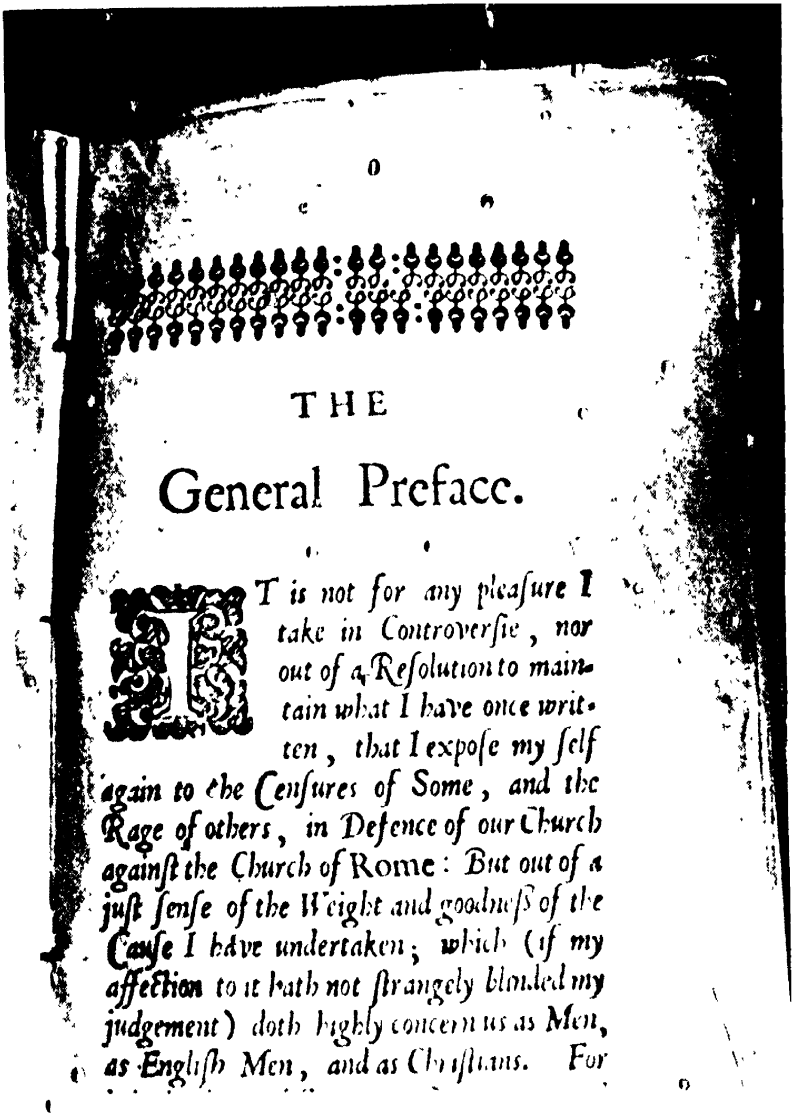
chain and the s.s.—form a third, the grape cluster. In the following chapter further examples will be given of this Rosicrucian art of combining two or three symbols into the form of a third.

The inscriptions which occur with such curious variations do not appear to be in any known European language. They are certainly neither English nor Dutch; in fact, so incomprehensible are they that it is doubtful whether they are not the initial letters of certain mystic phrases or sentences. Sometimes they occur beneath devices; at other times merely inclosed in a cartouche, such as fig. 21. What is it possible to make of such a cabalistic jumble as this? In addition to hearts, small circles are to be found interjected, and likewise stars. The star appears to have served as a symbol of the soul. "Thou hast a starre o' man within thee, exceeding these in all these things—*that soule of thine.*"[1]

The commonest forms of inscription are DVAVLEGEAD, DVAVLEGARD, DVAVLEGEARD, MIOVSPI, ICO, ICONARD, RCONARD, RCONANCIN, PHO, PHOMO, PMAVDVIT, IDVRAN, etc.; but in addition to these there are innumerable others, many consisting entirely of consonants. They are obviously not the names of paper makers, nor do any two seem to be exactly alike.

[1] Purchas' "Microcosmus," Lond. 1619.

In the centre of fig. 18, two fish may be noticed. This is a very ancient religious symbol, and would probably appeal strongly to lovers of anagram, enigma and mystery. The letters of the Greek word for fish (ΙΧΘΥΣ), give the initials of the words of the sentence, (Ἰ)ησοῦς (Χ)ριστός (Θ)εοῦ (Υ)ἱός (Σ)ωτήρ—Jesus Christ Son of God Saviour.



THE

General Preface.

IT is not for any pleaſure I take in Controverſie, nor out of a Reſolution to maintain what I have once written, that I expoſe my ſelf again to the Cenſures of Some, and the Rage of others, in Defence of our Church againſt the Church of Rome: But out of a juſt ſenſe of the Weight and goodneſs of the Cauſe I have undertaken; which (if my affection to it hath not ſtrangely blinded my judgement) doth highly concern us as Men, as Engliſh Men, and as Chriſtians. For

Fig. 23. London, 1673

SPECIMEN PAGE SHOWING USE OF PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

CHAPTER II

PRINTERS' HIEROGLYPHICS

"But may they not say it is chance that doth this?"

". . . These fears of yours seem to us to savour utterly of imagination. . . . A lover of learning may everywhere observe indications, outlines, indexes and, in short, a whole bookful of methods and processes which, from the beginning to the end, are absolutely without change."—FRANCIS BACON, *Word Cipher*, p. 31.

"I might not this believe without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN addition to finding Rosicrucian symbols water-marked into the paper of their publications, we likewise find them woven with subtle ingenuity into the letterpress, by means of what are known to-day as printers' "*Flowers*." These "flowers"—the use of which has practically died out—were, in all probability, originated for a special purpose by that great literary league whose operations are beginning to come to the light. In 1771 a standard writer on the art of printing laments the fact that "flowers" are falling into disuse, owing to the printers not

being sufficiently paid for their "painful application." The painful application consisted of constructing ornamental headlines, and such like, by means of these ornamental devices, each of which is a separate type. Luckombe lays down the law thus: "The use of flowers is not confined to ornaments over head pages only, but they serve also, *each sort by itself*, upon several other occasions. Thus they are used in miscellaneous work, where a single row of flowers is put over the head of each fresh subject, but not where two or more are comprehended under the same title; which commonly have another by the same etc., for their head. As therefore flowers appertain to heads, it ought to be a rule that a single row of them should be put over a head that begins a page, be it part, chapter, article, or any other division, in work that has its divisions separated by flowers.

"Flowers being cast to the usual bodies of letter, their size should be proportionable to the face of the characters; since it would be as wrong to use great primer flowers with long primer letters, as it is improper to embolden the look of great primer by long primer flowers.

* * * * *

"But as the construction of flower head pieces entirely depends upon the fancy of a compositor, it





Figs. 24 and 25. London, 1664

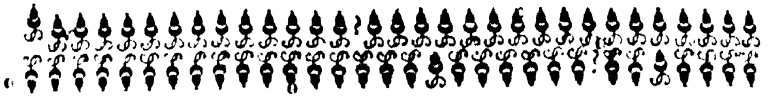


Fig. 26. London, 1683

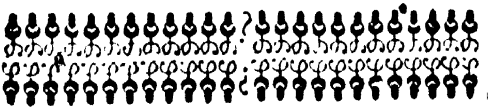


Fig. 27. London, 1644

PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

would be presumption in us to direct him in this point; we therefore leave the displaying of flowers to his own judgment, and to the variety of materials for this purpose." [1]

In the "Advancement of Learning" (Oxford, 1640) these ornaments have been employed in an orthodox and conventional manner; each division and subdivision is headed by a row or double-row. At the foot of that chapter in which Bacon describes his Biliteral cipher, and as a headline to the following one, which deals with the various methods of handing on to posterity the Lamp of Knowledge, there occurs a single row of *acorns*. Aubrey informs us that on the wall in the principal room in Bacon's house, near St. Albans, there was painted "an oak, with acorns falling from it," and it is perhaps noteworthy that at the foot of one of the preliminary pages of "The Advancement of Learning," the translator has written: "*Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo fama Baconi*," which may be translated: "The fame of Bacon grows secretly in future ages, *like a tree*." W. F. C. Wigston, writing with reference to the Rosicrucians, says: "Intense religious faith; belief in the ultimate regeneration of men, and the scriptural succession of times, they laboured to sow the good seed in darkness, in self renunciation."

[1] "History of Printing," Luckombe, 1771.

Bacon frequently reiterates the statement that he was a sower of seed: "It is enough to me that I have sowen unto Posterity and the Immortal God." ("Advancement of Learning"), and it is not improbable that the acorns referred to may be intended as a symbol of the seed which was being sown, and from which has grown so noble a tree. The design has survived to the present day, and is still—in spite of Luckombe's forebodings—occasionally employed by modern printers.

In the preceding chapter it has been shown that two of the leading Rosicrucian symbols were the Lily and the Rose. W. F. C. Wigston notes how frequently the writer of the Shakespeare plays connects these two flowers.

> "Of nature's gifts, thou may'st with *Lilies* boast,
> And with the half-blown *Rose*."
> *King John*, Act III., Sc. 1.

> "Nor did I wonder at the *Lily*'s white,
> Nor praise the deep vermillion of the *Rose*." *Sonnets.*

> "This silent war of *Lilies* and of *Roses*." *Lucrece.*

> "That even for anger makes the *Lily* pale,
> And the red *Rose* blush at her own disgrace."
> *Lucrece.*

> "The air hath starv'd the *Roses* in her cheeks,
> And pinched the *Lily* tincture of her face."
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II., Sc. 4.

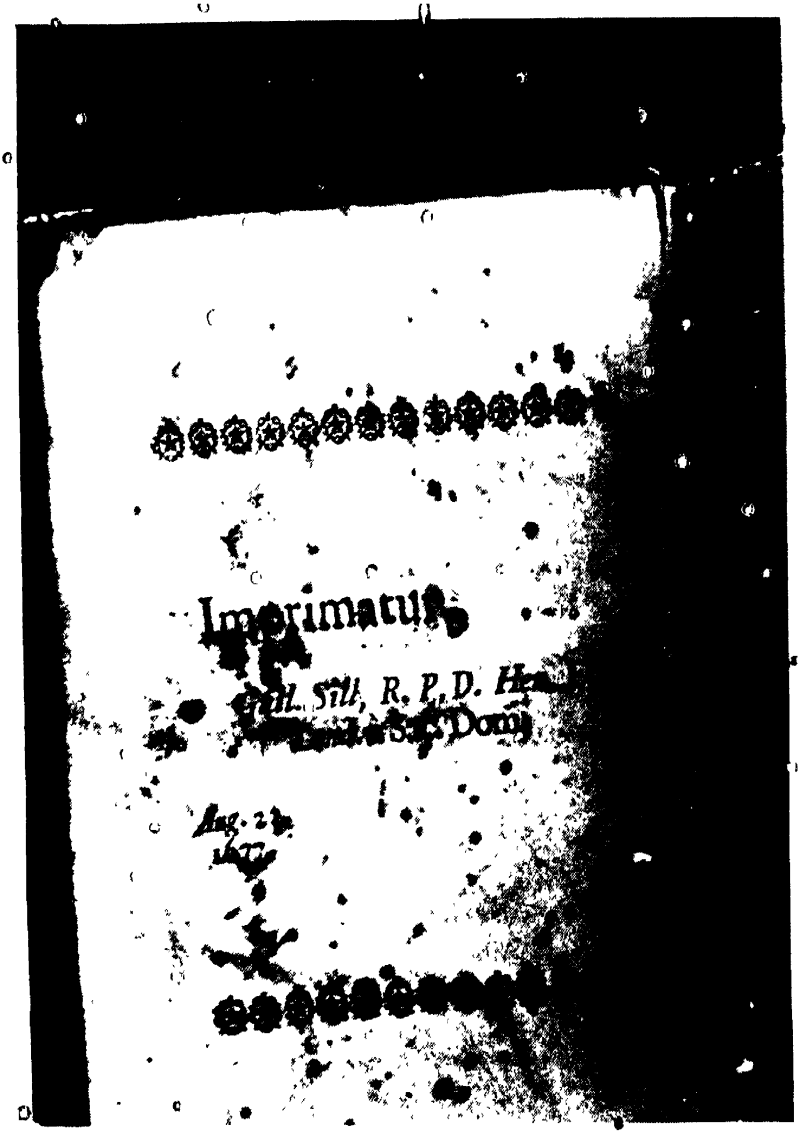


Fig. 28. London, 1677

PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

Figs. 28 and 29 will show how the same two emblems are employed in the letterpress of certain publications. To combine these two different designs in one line was "wrong and improper," and the compositors that were guilty of the crime disregarded that rule of their craft, that flowers, when used as headlines, shall serve "*each sort by itself.*" The top and bottom row of Fig. 29 is, apparently, another form of the acorn.

It has already been noted how frequently the watermark of a vase or pot is to be found. This design occurs sometimes with one and sometimes with two handles, in the form of the double S.S., as in fig. 11. From some of these papermark vases we find rising a *Fleur-de-Lys*, in combination with a four petalled flower, a device perhaps intended to combine the two emblems of rose and cross (see fig. 12). This double S.S. handled vase is very conspicuous as a printer's ornament (see figs. 30 to 34). While the designs of the vases vary, yet it will be noticed that they all possess the distinctive and characteristic S.S. handles. If figs. 30, 31, and 32 be examined, it will be seen that a *Fleur-de-Lys* is rising from the mouths of the taller vases, and two roses and a *Fleur-de-Lys* from the mouths of the shorter. Fig. 34, which appears at first sight to be merely a row of vases or urns, will, on examination, be seen to consist of three, if

not four, Rosicrucian symbols, most cunningly packed together. The apparent body of the vase is, in reality, a heart supported on a cross, with the double S.S. on either side in the form of handles, these three emblems combined forming a fourth symbol, the vase. Other combinations of the heart and cross may be seen in fig. 35. Concealed within these flower headings certain peculiarities will be detected which are neither conventional nor explicable, on the hypothesis that they are due to chance. I refer to the erratic colons and notes of interrogation. Were these inserted with any attempt at symmetry we might dismiss them as due to an æsthetic compositor's sense of the beautiful. Such a supposition is, however, untenable, as they appear in the most eccentric positions, and *these positions vary in different chapters of the same book*. We find these colons and notes of interrogation, which were interjected by succeeding generations of compositors, almost invariably associated with the acorn design, this device seemingly forming a connecting link between works published far apart in time and locality, and sometimes introduced in a most arbitrary manner (see fig. 31).

If these printers' flowers, attached to which are the additional peculiarities of colons and notes of interrogation, have any connection with Rosicrucianism, we should expect to find them not confined to English pub-

THE INDEX.

Fig. 29. London, 1650



Fig. 30. London, 1655



A

Fig. 31. London, 1672

PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

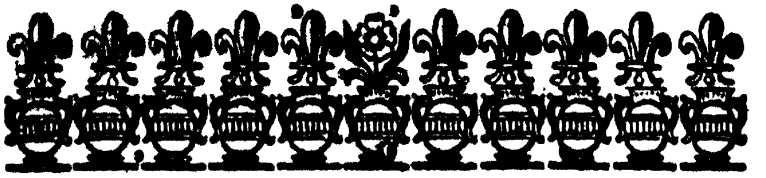


Fig. 32. London, 1709



Fig. 33. London, 1674

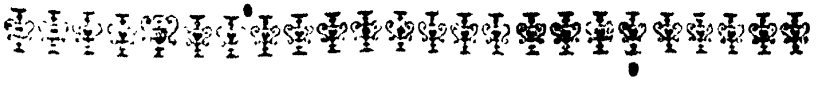


Fig. 34. Oxford, 1640

PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

lications. The scheme outlined in "The New Atlantis" and the order of the Rosecroix were both as world-wide as modern Freemasonry; hence if the peculiarities noted have any connection with the Rosicrucians and their enigmatic and magical writing-in-character we should expect to find the same striking eccentricities in continental R. C. literature. We do find them. Figs. 35 to 41 show that a wave of colons and notes of interrogation passed over many European compositors at about this period. The examples given are representative ones taken from works published in France, Spain, Holland, Italy and Germany. I have also before me specimens from Switzerland and Portugal. Sometimes, as in fig. 39, the stops are so symmetrically introduced that they almost escape notice.

It will be conceded that in those days book producers lavished more loving care upon their productions than they do to-day. We know the old printers to have been so painstaking and so careful that they frequently stopped their presses in order to adjust errors and introduce improvements while printing.

If the shades of some of these old craftsmen could hear us ascribing their cunning workmanship to "*carelessness*," with how grim a smile they would regard us! We can almost hear Luckombe's in-

dignant protest: "But subterfuges that are used by writers are commonly levelled at the printer, to make him the author of all that is amiss; whereas, they ought to ascribe it to themselves. . . . *It would therefore be generous in gentlemen to examine the circumstances that may have occasioned an error, before they pronounce it a typographical one.*"[1]

At present I am uncertain what may be the exact meaning of these erring stops and other peculiarities. I am inclined to believe them to be the indices, the outward visible signs of inward invisible ciphers; but in cases where the printer's hieroglyphics are very profuse it will probably be found that these form a cipher system complete in themselves. As will be seen, there is considerable justification for the conjecture that Rosicrucian publications will be found to be honeycombed with ciphers, and the solution of the puzzles which our ancestors have bequeathed to us will be a problem not of days or weeks, but of years.

We have already seen that Bacon condemned and discarded the barren philosophy of Aristotle. The new system which he planned and erected in its stead was founded largely upon that of Pythagoras. Under the pseudonym "George Peele" we find Bacon writing:

[1] "History of Printing," 1771, p. 393.

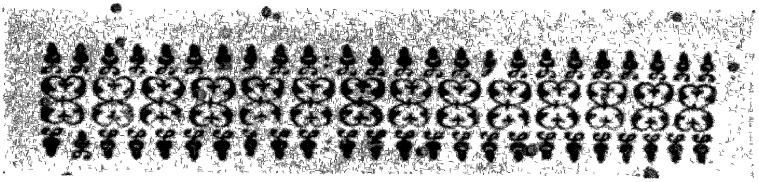


Fig. 35. Paris, 1697



Fig. 36. Venice, 1672

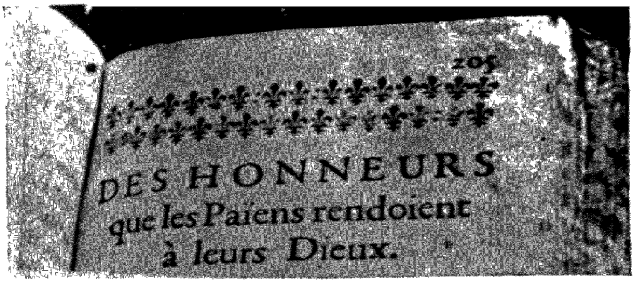


Fig. 37. Avignon, 1672

PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

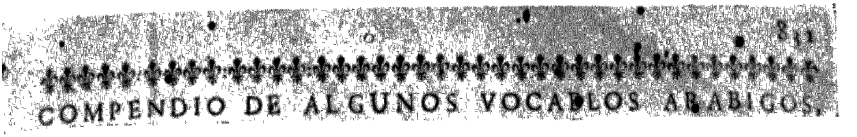
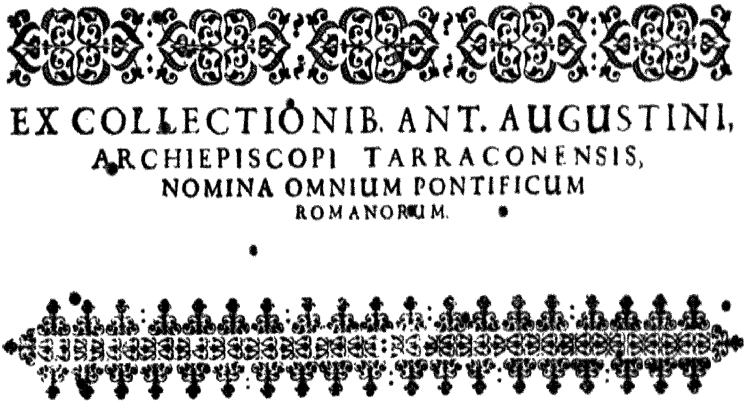


Fig. 38. Madrid, 1683



Figs. 39 and 40. Cologne, 1682.

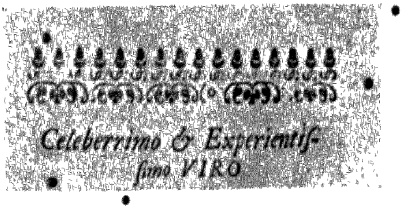


Fig. 41. Groningen, 1661

PRINTERS' "FLOWERS"

"Leaving our schoolmen's vulgar trodden paths
And following the ancient reverend steps
Of Trismegistus[1] *and Pythagoras.*'

What were the "ancient, reverend steps," the almost forgotten and rarely trodden paths, that the writer of the above passage announced his intention of treading? Space does not permit me to note the remarkable parallels that exist between the lives and teachings of Bacon and Pythagoras; what chiefly concerns us at the present juncture is the following passage from Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary": "*When they* (the disciples of Pythagoras) *were capable of receiving the secret instructions of the philosopher they were taught the use of ciphers and hieroglyphic writings, and Pythagoras might boast that his pupils could correspond together though in the most distant regions in unknown characters; and by signs and words which they had received they could discover, though strangers and barbarians, those that had been educated in the Pythagorean school.*"

[1] HERMES TRISMEGISTUS. "The reputed author of the *secret* sacred books of the Egyptians" . . . "was long revered as *the restorer of learning*" . . . "is said to have written *an incredible number* of books" . . . "a number of works written in the Middle Ages and in later times perhaps by the Rosicrucians profess to have been written by Hermes Trismegistus" (Rees' "Cyclopædia," Lond., 1819; Johnson's "Cyclopædia," New York, 1894.)

In the Rosicrucian manifesto, "Fama Fraternitatis R. C.," we read: "After this manner began the fraternity of the Rosie Cross—first, by four persons onely, and by them was made *the magical language* and writing with a large dictionary."

This passage is further evidence, pointing to Sir Francis Bacon as being one of the Founders of the Fraternity, not only because it was a well-known aim of his that all knowledge should be collected and gathered into the convenient form of Dictionaries or Encyclopædias, but because, as already suggested, there is reason to believe that the magical writing of the Rosicrucians was nothing more or less than Bacon's ingenious and subtle Biliteral Cipher.

A. E. Waite informs us that "A work of considerable interest was printed in 1615, under the title of 'Echo of the God-Illuminated Brotherhood of the Worthy Order R. C.,' to wit, an absolute proof that not only all which is stated in the '*Fama*' and '*Confessio*' of the R. C. Brotherhood is possible and true, but that it has been known already for nineteen years and more to a few God-fearing people, *and has been laid down by them in certain secret writings.*"[1]

From a "Great Historical Dictionary," published in 1691, which the editors modestly describe as a

[1] "Real Hist. of the Rosicrucians," p. 254.

"Treasure of Learning; the greatest, perhaps, that was ever discovered in our English tongue," I quote the following: "ROSECROIX or ROSECRUCIANS, called also the Enlightened, Immortal and Invisible. This name was given to a certain fraternity or cabal, which appeared in Germany in the beginning of this age; those that are admitted thereunto, called the Brethren or Rosicrucians, swear fidelity, promise secrecy, *write enigmatically or in characters*, and oblige themselves to observe the laws of that Society, which hath for its end the re-establishment of all disciplines and sciences, and especially physick."

What was this magical language of the Rosicrucians, this writing enigmatically or in characters? When, where and how was it used? [1]

From the engraved Latin inscription under the portrait of Sir Francis Bacon in Dr. Rawley's "*Resuscitatio*," Mrs. Pott has, by means of Bacon's Biliteral Cipher, deciphered the words "*Theologian Poet, R. C.*," and from the title-page to Sir Walter

[1] There is a short specimen of what purports to be the cipher writing of the Rosicrucians given in Lord Lytton's novel "Zanoni." As Lord Lytton was the Grand Patron of a modern English Rosicrucian Society, the specimen given by him may perhaps be taken seriously. Singularly enough, the characters are distinguished by those strange little circles which appear so frequently in the angles of the N's and V's etc. of the water-marked inscriptions. See *ante*, figs. 15 and 17.

Raleigh's "History of the World" the following sentence:

"*This work will be a benefite to the human races, and will raise the price of precious pearls and gold*" (*i.e.*, knowledge and truth).

Whether everything "The Meritorious Order" published contains secret work remains to be seen. Perhaps not, or if so, merely a sentence or two here and there such as the preceding.

It must be remembered that enigma, anagram, pun, any nimble conceit that called for intellectual subtlety, unquestionably appealed with strong attraction to our ancestors. We find a writer thrilling with ecstasy at "the discovery of the true meaning of the number of the Beast 666 by Mr. Potter, wherewith Master Mede was exceedingly taken, even to admiration, professing it to be the *greatest mystery that hath been discovered since the beginning of the world!*"

It seems probable that to such temperaments the intellectual jugglery entailed by cipher-writing would appeal with irresistible attractions. There is a curious fact in this connection. The motto which is affixed to "The Advancement of Learning," likewise to the "*Novum Organum*," and which is also used by Thomas Vaughan, the Rosicrucian apologist, and prefixed to his "*Antroposophia Theomagica*," is "*Multi pertransibunt et augebitur Scientia*" (Many

shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased). This passage is the second half of verse 4, Chapter XII., of the Book of Daniel. The *complete* verse is as follows: "But thou, O Daniel, *shut up the words and seal the book*, even to the time of the end. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

It seems possible that this mystical verse may have been taken literally by the "Highly Wise and God Beloved R.C.," and that we have here not only a motive for concealing or closing up words by a system of cipher-writing, but also an important clue, if not an explanation, of the mysterious and altogether extraordinary system of paper marking. A more practical and literal method of *sealing a book* could scarcely have been devised, a watermark being actually the impression of a seal or die, the soft pulp of the partly-manufactured paper serving the same purpose as wax. Apparently each book was impressed with its own special and peculiar watermarks. So far as I have yet discovered no two volumes contain *exactly* the same devices, and we have already seen the enormous expense which this must have entailed. It seems to me that a *religious* motive, and that alone, would be sufficient incentive to a procedure so costly, so laborious and so apparently absurd.

The author of "The Real History of the Rosi-cru-

cians" informs us that "they believed that the Books of Revelation and of Nature were *intus et foris scripti*, written within and without—that is, they contain a secret meaning for the initiates of mystical wisdom." Here again is a possible motive for cipher-writing, which is a literal method of writing "within and without. We find Bacon expressing himself as follows, with regard to a work, the accomplishment of which was dear to his heart: "I want this primary history to be compiled *with a most religious care*, as if every particular was stated upon oath, seeing that it is the book of God's work, and (so far as the majesty of Heaven may be compared with the humbleness of earthly things) a kind of second scripture." This expressed wish of Bacon's seems to have been carried out to the letter; indeed, the systematic aim of the "Illuminati" seems to have been—in small things as in great—"to woorke as God woorkes," and to imitate to the extent of their ability the great Book of Nature. That this is something more than a fanciful conceit seems apparent from the following passage from Book I. of the "*Novum Organum*." "We neither dedicate nor raise a Capitol or Pyramid to the pride of man, but rear a Holy Temple in his mind on the model of The Universe, *which model therefore we imitate*."

This idea is perhaps the solution of the meaning of

the watermarked Rosicrucian clock, which "scarce striketh perfect hours." The manufacture of clocks, says Bacon, "is delicate and accurate, and appears to imitate the Heavenly bodies in its wheels, and the pulse of animals in its regular oscillation."[1] If my conjecture be correct the clock and also the figure at the base of the foolscap both alike symbolize the Universe.

The Book of Nature was a frequent and favourite symbol of the Rosicrucians. As Bacon admittedly reared his philosophy on the model of the Universe, it seems a not extravagant inference that that section of it that concerned the making and publication of books would be modelled on Nature's infinite book of secrecy. We find Shakespeare writing, "In Nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read," and this same thought is elaborated by one of the earliest members of the Royal Society—Robert Boyle.[2] This author says: "For the Book of Nature is, to an ordinary gazer, and a naturalist, like a rare book of hieroglyphicks to a child, and a

[1] "Nov. Org.," Bk. I.

[2] "A man superior to titles and almost to praise; illustrious by birth, by learning and by virtue. . . . "The extensiveness of his knowledge surpassed everything but his modesty and his desire of communicating it." *The British Plutarch*, vol. v., pp. 169 and 194.

philosopher; the one is sufficiently pleased with the odnesse and variety of the curious pictures that adorn it; whereas the other is not only delighted with those outward objects that gratifie his sense, but receives a much higher satisfaction in admiring the knowledge of the author, and in *finding out and inriching himselfe with those abstruse and vailed truths dexterously hinted in them.*"[1]

Some of the methods of dexterously hinting abstruse and veiled truths have already been seen. I have but touched the fringe of a subject, the greatness, the vastness and the complexity of which grows as one advances.

Bacon states in cipher: "A booke is an unwrought lump of metall. 'You see not th' rich shine of it beneath sundry thin coates that obscure it."[2]

"Under much of th' outer huske is th' kernell, worth the search of many a yeare, utterly lost to th' world till it have been brought forth."[3]

"We,[4] like the Divine Nature, took pleasure in the innocent and kindly sport of children in playing at hide-and-seek."[5]

[1] "Natural Philosophy," Boyle, 1664.

[2] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 152. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 219.

[4] The "we" here used is Bacon speaking for himself, not for the Society.

[5] "Word Cipher," p. 52.

"The Divine Majesty takes delight to hide His works according to the innocent play of children, to have them found out. Surely for thee to follow the example of The Most High, cannot be censured."[1]

Viewed in the light of such passages as these, methods and practices which at first sight strike us as puerilities, can be no longer regarded as such. It seems not impossible that the "Highly Wise and God-Beloved R.C." were acquainted with the truth enunciated many years later by the Swedish philosopher, Emanuel Swedenborg, in "Arcana Cœlestia," namely, that certain of the books of Holy Scripture contain a double meaning—the one enfolded within the other—and that herein again the Fraternity endeavoured to "woorke as God woorkes," and make their books "a kind of second scripture." The following passage lends colour to this supposition: "For the written Word of God—I mean not the shell or outside of a bare literal sense (there is more in it) but *the inside and kernel of a true spiritual meaning* therein comprised — is a masse of infinite delights, etc., etc."[2]

In the chapter immediately following that in the

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 34.

[2] "Pious and Learned Annotations upon the Holy Bible," 1664 Diodati (translator's preface).

"De Augmentis," in which Bacon described his biliteral cipher, he discusses the various methods of handing on knowledge to posterity. He goes on to say:

"Another diversity of method followeth in the intention like the former, but for most part contrary in the issue. In this both these methods agree that they separate the vulgar auditors from the select; here they differ, that the former introduceth a more open way of delivery than is usual; the other (of which we shall now speak) a more reserved and secret. Let, therefore, the distinction of them be this: that the one is an exotericall or revealed; the other *an acroamaticall or concealed method.* For the same difference, the ancients specially observed *in publishing books*, the same we will transfer to the manner itselfe of delivery. So the Acroamatique method was in use with the writers in former ages, and wisely and with judgment applied; but that Acroamatique and Aenigmatique kind of expression is disgraced in these later times by many who made it as a dubious and false light for the vent of their counterfeit merchandice. But the pretence thereof seemeth to be this: that by the intricate invelopings of delivery, the Prophane Vulgar may be removed from the secrets of Sciences; and they only admitted which had either acquired the interpretation of parables by tradition

from their teachers; or *by the sharpness and subtlety of their own wit could pierce the veile.*" [1]

In this remarkable passage it will be observed that Bacon uses the expression "The Prophane Vulgar," who are to be "excluded from the secrets of sciences." Curiously enough, we find one of the early Rosicrucian apologists using identically the same phrase, apparently with the same meaning as does Bacon: "The secret art of the R. C. is declared to be a matter of fact, and not an abstract or fanciful thing; and the *profanum vulgus* are assured that those who are in possession of such an imperial secret, can dispense with the praise of the world." [2]

In the volume in which the peculiarities which I have noted occur, we almost invariably find the commingling of two fonts of type—dots and double dots—in fact all the peculiarities which are the frame and groundwork of the Biliteral cipher.

It may possibly be that the facts which I am endeavouring to set forth, and which seem to fall so naturally into sequence, are merely one long chain of "coincidences." On the other hand it may prove that not only do cipher narratives run throughout our English Rosicrucian literature, but also throughout all that was published under the auspices of the Illu-

[1] "Adv. of Learning," Bk. VI.

[2] "Real Hist. of the Rosicrucians," p 256.

minati in Germany, Holland, France, Italy and Spain, and that vast stores of secret history, politics and philosophy are lying at our feet. "In which sort of things it is the manner of men first to wonder that such thing could be possible, and, after it is found out, to wonder again how the world should miss it so long."[1]

In the circle of literature which it is now claimed was due to the Rosicrucians, the engraved ornamental *woodcuts*—which must not be confused with printers' "flowers"—are as pregnant with meaning as are the small chapter-headings. The "unseene small devices" used by the "Highly-Wise and God-Beloved R. C." are as worthy of minute examination as are the works of Nature beneath the microscope; both are seen to be silent parables, the more subtle and more wonderful, the more closely and more carefully we examine them.

The imprints upon the title-pages of old publications are notoriously emblematical. The author of "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers" was surprised to find that Shakespeare was fully acquainted with the meaning of many of them; I venture to suggest that "Shakespeare" originated not a few of them himself. These frontispiece emblems generally carry a Latin motto such as "Sow without Doubting," "In time

[1] Francis Bacon, "*Valerius Terminus*."



Fig. 42. London, 1664



Fig. 43. Cologne, 1708.



Fig. 44. Paris, 1681



Fig. 45. London, 1716

the tree will bear," "By concord small things become great," etc., etc.

I contend that not only the imprints on the frontispieces (the reader will remember the significant device that occurs in "The New Atlantis"), but that the whole of the ornamental wood engravings that are found in certain mediæval publications, are almost without exception emblematical.

Space will not allow me to more than give one or two examples of these woodcuts. The subject is too boundless.

Fig. 42 shows the grape clusters; fig. 44 the heart (this example is taken from a *secular* work); and fig. 43 the combination of Rose, Lily and Olive. Fig. 45 is an example of printers' flowers combined with woodcut blocks. It is not usual to find acorns, colons, etc., wandering perpendicularly up the side of woodcuts in this strange and unsymmetrical manner.

It is unnecessary for me to refer to the symbolism of the Squirrel. This little animal figures in the First Folio of "Shakespeare." As is well known, "The properties and habits of various animals, of the lion, the elephant, the stag, the eagle, the pelican, the partridge, the peacock, etc., are adduced to enforce or symbolize virtues of the heart and life, and to set forth the doctrines of the writer's creed." [1] There is

[1] "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers," Green, Lond., 1870.

an interesting example of this fact in Raleigh's unfinished "History of the World," Lond., 1664. In this book a large *Bear* figures prominently. What is the connection between an unfinished work and a bear? Perhaps this: "The strong natural affection of the bear for its young obtained record nearly 3,000 years ago. . . . Emblems delineated by Boissard and engraved by Theodore De Bry in 1596 at Emb. 43, present the bear licking her whelp in sign that the inborn force of nature is to be brought into form and comeliness by instruction and good learning. At a little later period the '*Tronus Cupidinus*' or "*Emblemata Amatoria*' (fol. 2) so beautifully adorned by Crispin de Passe, adopts the sentiment '*perpolit incultum paulatim tempus amorem*'—that by degrees Time puts the finish or perfectness to uncultivated love." [1] We likewise read that: "The beares when they bring forth their young ones, they are an evill favoured lumpe, and a masse without shape, but by continuall licking of them, they bring them to some shape and forme." [2] It therefore seems likely that the emblem of the bear is an eloquently silent appeal to future ages to lick Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished cub into shape.

The examples reproduced are but a few flowers, as it

[1] "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers," Green, Lond., 1870.
[2] "An Exposition of Morall Law," Weemse, Lond., 1632.

were, from the great field that is awaiting exploration. Many of the symbols and devices unquestionably possess a meaning which is beyond my perception. These invite the attention and investigation of more capable explorers.

According to its manifestoes, the object of the Rosicrucian Fraternity was "to expel from the world all those things which darken human knowledge," and the shy and retiring Brethren seem to have acted up to their ideal, as God's Deputies upon Earth, from generation to generation. Their publications deal with every conceivable subject that tends to the advancement of learning, the pleasing of men's minds, and the bettering of men's bread and wine. Here we come across a political pamphlet, written to resist some threatened aggression, or to redress some wrong; and there a stately volume on Divinity or History, or an educational handbook on Mathematics, Euclid, or Arts and Crafts. In the great scope of their operations the Brethren seem to have been animated by the spirit of Sir Francis Bacon, to have taken all knowledge to be their province,[1] and to have aimed at supplying all, or as many as possible, of those things which he had registered as "deficient."

[1] "I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends for *I have taken all knowledge to be my province*."—Francis Bacon.

In the "*Confessio Fraternitatis R. C.*" we read: "One thing should here, O Mortals, be established by us, that God hath decreed to the World . . . an influx of Truth, Light, and Grandeur, such as He commanded should accompany Adam from Paradise and sweeten the misery of man. . . . As we now confess that many high intelligences *by their writings* will be a great furtherance unto this Reformation which is to come, so . . . we testify that . . . sooner shall the stones rise up and offer their service, then there shall be any want of executors of God's counsel."

From generation to generation these "high intelligences," these sowers of Sweetness and Light seem to have been faithful to their traditions. It was a principle with Francis Lord Verulam that the Temple of Wisdom designed by him, should, like the Temple of Solomon, be reared stone upon stone, Truth upon Truth, without noise of axe or hammer. "To the silent He sendeth His angels to hold speech with them; but the babblers He driveth into the wilderness."[1] Partly hidden as yet in the mists of incredulity and ignorance, this glittering Palace of Truth stands for a monument to its architect,[2] the

[1] "Confessio Fraternitatis R. C."

[2] On the sub-title page of "The Advancement of Learning" (1640) Bacon is described as "ARCHITECTURA SCIENTIARUM."

modern Prometheus, that brought down Fire and Light from Heaven, and to its noiseless builders "the Highly-Wise and God-Beloved R. C." In the "Novum Organum" Bacon hints at what was in progress. "Let us begin from God, and show that our pursuit from its exceeding goodness clearly proceeds from Him, the Author of good and Father of Light. Now, in all divine works the smallest beginnings lead assuredly to some result, and the remark in spiritual matters that 'the kingdom of God cometh without observation,' is also found to be true in every great work of Divine Providence, so that *everything glides quietly on without confusion or noise, and the matter is achieved before men either think or perceive that it is commenced.* Nor should we neglect to mention the prophecy of Daniel, of the last days of the world, 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased,' thus plainly hinting and suggesting that fate (which is Providence) would cause the complete circuit of the globe (now accomplished or at least going forward by means of so many distant voyages), and the increase of learning to happen at the same epoch."[1]

"Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,

[1] Aphorism XCIII.

Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward one to ten
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England——
Down the years on your bugles blown?"[1]

Bacon has been described as "Aurora's harbinger." In the "*Confessio Fraternitatis R. C.*" we find a prophecy of the Dawn he heralded. "Now there remains that in a short and swiftly approaching time . . . the World shall have slept away the intoxication of her poisoned and stupyfying chalice, and with an open heart, bare head and naked feet shall merrily and joyfully go forth to meet the Sun rising in the morning."

[1] W. E. Henley, "Poems."



Fig. 45a. Imprint from "The Works of Sir Francis Bacon," London, 1704.

This illustration, being reproduced from a bookbinder's block, the lights and shadows are reversed. It will, however, serve to show the designer's intention, namely, to connect Sir Francis Bacon with the Dawn of Learning.

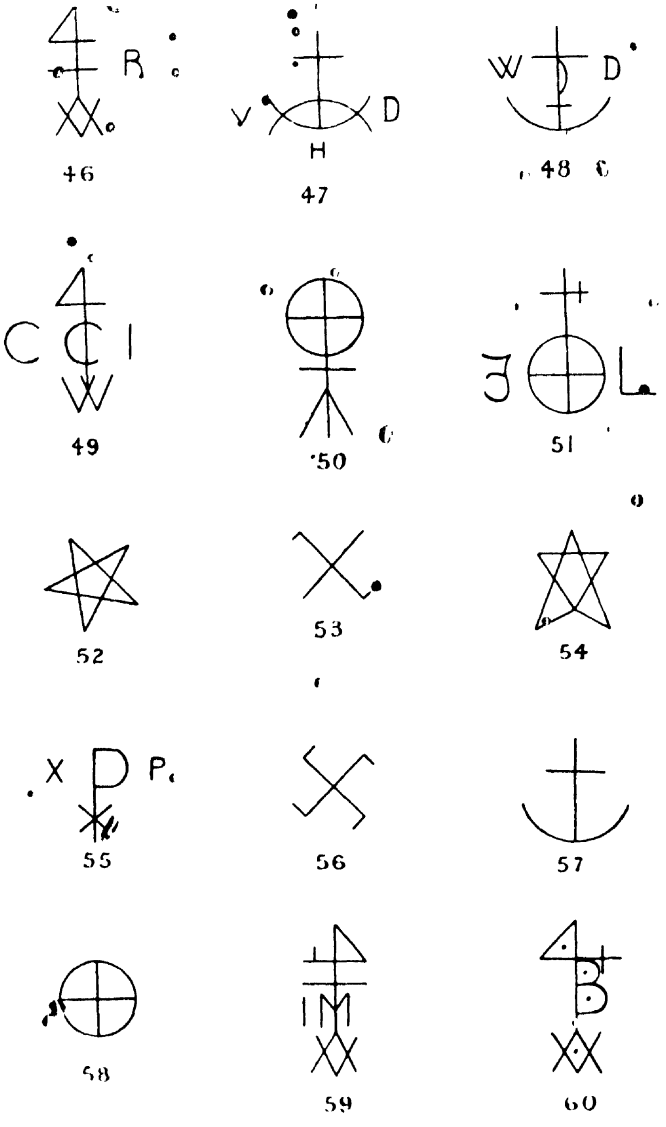
a stone on which not even his name appears. In other instances we find tombs which have *no other inscription than a cabalistic hieroglyph.*

Figs. 46 to 53 are typical examples of these "ambiguous" epitaphs.

I have before me drawings of a considerable number, no two of which are quite alike. It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the reappearance of the philosophical figure 4 and of the V's, double V's and D's, which figure so frequently in watermark. The fact that these cabalistic inscriptions are frequently accompanied by armorial bearings, is of itself sufficient to dismiss any supposititious theory that they are "mason marks" or "trade marks," but should any sceptical reader cling to that notion, it will be sufficient to refer him to Mr. Hargrave Jennings' two volumes on "The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries" (London, 1887). This writer has adorned his pages with a number of what are presumably Rosicrucian symbols. I reproduce a few examples of them (figs. 54 to 58).

Mr. Hargrave Jennings expounds fig. 57, of which figs. 47 and 48 appear to be merely elaborations, as follows: "Hieroglyph of Transfixion (the Cross ('Crucifixion') Salient out of the 'Crescent' (New) Moon. Man (Saviour) born of Woman)."

Cabalistic marks of a similar character are to be seen



Figs. 46 to 53. "Mason-marks" from Seventeenth Century Tombs.
Figs. 54 to 58. Symbols from "The Rosicrucians: their Rites and Mysteries" (Hargrave Jennings).
Fig. 59. Imprint from "De Augmentis Scientiarum" (Bacon).
Fig. 60. "Cipher Signature" from "The Pall Mall Magazine."

in many old books. Fig. 59 is reproduced from the lower part of the imprint on the title of Bacon's "De Augmentis Scientiarum" (Paris, 1624). At first sight this seems as though it conclusively proves that many of the mediæval publishers were Rosecrucians. I have, however, come across *one* of the cabalistic tombs (in the "old church" at Delft), dated 1556. This is previous to the time when Mr. Waite states the Rosicrucians came into existence. No one, of course, suggests that Secret Societies did not exist earlier, and it is perhaps possible that a form of Rosicrucianism or Freemasonry really dates back considerably further than is known to the profane vulgar, and that Bacon merely revivified and restored to working order the machinery of a more ancient organisation.[1]

[1] There are many indications in favour of this supposition. The existence of the so-called "emblem writers" and their elaborate system of symbolic woodcuts, seems to point to the fact that scholars were in touch with each other long prior to the time of Francis Bacon.

It is noteworthy that from the earliest ages of paper-making, a craft the European history of which is wrapped in obscurity, religious and philosophic symbols were frequently used as water-marks. This is remarkable as the orthodox church, so far from aiding or encouraging, strove by every means to hinder the spread of knowledge and to strangle the new art of printing. An ecclesiastic is recorded to have declared at St. Paul's cross, "We must root out printing, or printing will root out us."

Sotheby, in his "Principia Typographica," vol. iii., gives a num-

"Mason-marks"

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" (1896) Mr. J. Holt Schooling has an article on "Secrets in cipher." From this I borrow fig. 60. Mr. Schooling describes it as "a cipher signature written towards the end of the sixteenth century (from the Cecil papers at Hatfield House, reproduced by permission of the Marquis of Salisbury)." This is "the mark which Jacques Barler will use in his letters for his name." It is not impossible that it may prove to be a second Rosetta stone, by the aid of which we may succeed in deciphering these curious "mason marks" of the past.

ber of illustrations of earliest paper-marks, and expresses his opinion that they are not ordinary trade signs. Among them *grape clusters* appear as early as 1431. In the year 1430 the printer's ornament of a solitary *acorn* occurs on the title-page of an emblem book, reproduced in Green's "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers."

PART II

DECIPHERED ARCANA

"Time shall unfold what pleated cunning hides."

SHAKESPEARE, *Lear*, Act I., Sc. 1.

"Again I do entreate that you be so diligent that my great labour for Truth shall not lie in embryo longer, but come forth, when th' time shall be accomplisht unto th' day. Study to ayd, not to put a straw in th' way. Under much of th' outer huske is th' kernell, worth th' search of many a yeare, utterly lost to th' world till it have beene brought forth."—FRANCIS BACON, *Biliteral Cipher*, p. 219.

"Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
Seeing that our footing on the Earth is brief—
Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die,
Mocking at all that passes their belief."

HERBERT TRENCH.

"But it was to them a laughing matter, and being a new thing unto them, they feared that their great name would be lessened if they should now again begin to learn, and acknowledge their many years' errors, to which they were accustomed, and wherewith they had gained them enough."—*Fama Fraternitatis R. C.*, 1616.

"So it comes to pass that overprizing what they have already acquired, they make no further search."—DR. SIMON PATRICK, *The Parable of the Pilgrim*, 1687.

PART II

CHAPTER I

HISTORICAL

"Let not my work be lost, for 'tis of importance to many besides yourselfe, and no historie may be complete without it. Indeed the whole nationall record must bee chang'd by a revelation of such a kinde, but if I have not your aide, no eie but my decypherer's, when I am resting from my labours, shall read that which I have prepar'd with such great paines for posterity."—FRANCIS BACON, *Biliteral Cipher*, p. 219.

"Nor should you expect anything exquisite in it. We are sorry it is not so rich in worth or beauty as it might have been made, had we not, to prevent its discovery and to provide for our own future safety, buried it deep beneath a mass of falsehood. We have shaped forth a faithful narrative of facts, large in bulk and extent, and pleasing in variety, rather than a treasure-house of eloquence or poesy. On the other hand, we have made it, by the luminous brilliancy of the matter, so suitable to its dignity, that we will vouch that it shall not either be laughed at or made sport of. On the contrary, future generations and posterity, by the assistance of our work, will have a faithful, true and strange account of the mysteries of the Kingdom."—FRANCIS BACON, *Word Cipher*, p. 22.

THE Historical fact of primary interest to humanity, and which throws all else into the shadow, is the statement that Queen Elizabeth was the mother of two children,[1] and that the elder of

[1] "Whatever were the Queen's relations with Dudley before his

these was the writer of the Shakespeare plays. The younger, known to the world as Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the arrogant and petted favourite, becoming aware of his princely origin, strove to obtain his rights by rebellion, with the result we know.

"I am named in th' world," says Bacon, "not what my stile should bee according to birth, nor what it rightfullie should be, according to our law, which giveth to the first-borne o' th' royall house (if this first-borne be a sonne o' th' ruling prince, and borne in true and right wedlocke), th' title of th' Prince o' Wales. My name is Tidder, yet men speak of me as Bacon, even those that knowe of my royal mother, and her lawfull marriage with th' Earle o' Leicester, a suitable time prior to my birth." [1]

"'Tis said: 'The curse that was not deserv'd never will come.' Some may finde it true, but to me a cause-

wife's death, they became closer after. It was reported that she was formally betrothed to him and that she had secretly married him in Lord Pembroke's house, and that she was a mother already—January, 1560-1.

"In 1562 the reports that Elizabeth had children by Dudley were revived. One, Robert Brooks of Devizes, was sent to prison for publishing the slander, and seven years later a man named Marsham, of Norwich, was punished for the same offence." —*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, vol. xvi., p. 114.

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 334.



(*a*)



(*b*)

PORTRAITS OF SIR FRANCIS BACON (*a*) AND HIS ALLEGED BROTHER, ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX (*b*)

[illegible] did surely come, and my entire life felt th' blighte." . . .

"To Robert Cecil I owe much o' this secret, underhand, yet constant opposition; for from the first hee was th' spy, th' informer to th' Queene, of all the boyish acts of which I had least cause or reason for any pride. This added fuel to the flame of her wrath, made me the more indiscreete, and precipitated an open disagrement, which lasted for some time, 'tweene my foster-mother, Lady Anne Bacon, and the woman who bore me, whom, however, I seldom name with a title so sacred as mother. In truth, Cecil work'd me nought save evill to th' daie which took him out o' this world.

"Through his vilde influence on Elizabeth, hee fill'd her minde with a suspition of my desire to rule th' whole world, beginning with England, and that my plann was like Absalom's, to steale th' hearts of the Nation and move th' people to desire a King."[1] . . .

"He bade her observe the strength, breadth and compasse, at an early age, of th' intellectual powers I displaied, and ev'n deprecated th' gen'rous disposition or graces of speech which wonne me manie friends, implying that my gifts would thus, no doubt, uproot her, because I would, like Absalom, steale

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 335.

awaie th' people's harts and usurp the throne, whilst my mother was yet alive.

"The terrors he conjur'd up could by no art be exorcis'd, and many trialls came therefrom, not alone in youth, but in my earlie manhoode." [1] . . .

"In due time th' Queene, afraide of these ominous portents, sent for good Paulet and arranged that under pretexte of great importe, I should accompany our ambassage to France. I was plact in th' care of Sir Amyias, and left th' shores of my own faire land without a moment of warning, soe to speak." [2]

Bacon's feelings, when he realized that Elizabeth had no intention of acknowledging him,[3] may be inferred by certain passages in the Sonnets :

> "What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
> Distill'd from limbecks foul as Hell within,
> Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
> Still losing when I saw myself to win!"
>
> *Sonnet CXIX.*

> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

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[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 29. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 335.

[3] "I was as a brat, or waift, the girle throwes from all eies, to save her fortunes and name."—"Biliteral," p. 173. Lady Anne Bacon, who was at the time a lady-in-waiting, "saved the life, my proud roiall mother boldly refused to nourrice."—*Ibid.*, p. 155.

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! *he was but one hour mine;*
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now."

Sonnet XXXIII.

"Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss." [1]

Sonnet XXXIV.

The idea of being smothered under cloudy smoke, is repeated in cipher: "Herein we imitate the sun, who doth permit the base contagious clouds to smother up

[1] It would almost seem that Wordsworth was not far wrong when he wrote:

"Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours; *with this key*
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

his beauty from the world, that when he please again to be himself, being wanted, he may be more wondered at by breaking through the foul and ugly mists of vapours that did seem to strangle him." [1]

"How many times this bright dreeme hath found lodgement in my braine! how manie more hath it beene shunn'd as an influence of Pluto's darke realme! It were impossible, I am assur'd, since witnesses to th' marriage and to my birth (after a proper length of time) are dead, and the papers certifying their preasence being destroyed, yet is it a wrong that will rise, and a crye that none shall hush. Strive as I may, it is onely driv'n from my braine by th' unceasing tossing of this sea of laboring cogitations for th' advancement of learning. Ofte driven as 'twere with sodaine wind or tide, its waves strike 'gainst the very vault of th' heav'ns and breake in uselesse wreaths o' bubbling froth.

"Think not in your inmost heart that you or any others whom you would put in the same case as ours, would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who doe not stand, as I stood, on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the faire beautie of that land that I have seene. England, as she might bee, if wisely govern'd, is th' dream or beautious vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe.

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 48.

"It is noe improper exaltation of selfe when one, feeling in heart and brayne the divine giftes that fit him for his Princely destiny—or that rightly inherited, albeit wronglie withholden, soveraignty—in true, noble, kingly spirit doth looke for pow'r, not for th' sake of exercising that gift, but that he may uplifte his people from th' depth of misery into which they constantlie sink, to th' firm rocke of such mode of life as would change cries to songs of praise." [1] . .

"It burneth as an injury no lapse of time can cure, a ceaselesse corosive, which doth eate th' heart. Th sole reliefe doth come by making out a complete history of my wrong that doth so embitter my dayes. Men can eat, sleepe, drinke, worke, when the heart is bowed down in pain, yet the joys are gone from their whole lives, and doe not return." [2]

To the end of Elizabeth's life Bacon lived in the hope that she would do him justice. Importuned by creditors ("bound and in deep arrearges"), thwarted by the Cecils, and ignored by the Queen, we begin to apprehend the storms which shook the soul of "Shakespeare." On the death of Elizabeth, it may be thought strange that Bacon made no bid for his rights.

"It must be said, however, in passi'g, that a number of papers were seiz'd, and many have beene subse-

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 46. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 353 and 354.

quentlie destroyed, so that we could not wel lay clayme to th' scepter, and establish it beyonde a doubt. . . . Furthermore, being late, having like others who haye bin drawne two waies, lost much time in deliberation, th' face of our claime clouded, so that, questioning of England's prosperity, we doubted our proper right to sever Brittaine, fortunatelie united, but unfortunatelie king'd." [1]

We recognize in the above passage the indecision of "Hamlet."

"Vantages acompted great, simply as th' uncertaine dreames or visiones of night, seeme to us in after time. Ended now is my great desire to sit in British throne. Larger worke doth invite my hand then majestie doth offer: to wield th' penne doth ever require a greater minde then to sway the royall scepter. Ay, I cry to th' Heavenly Ayde, ruling ore all, ever to keepe my soule thus humbled and contente." [2] . . "In this work o' my hands, I am heire apparent to a much loftier seate, a scepter of pow'r, that must ev'n extende to posterity. Nor Time nor Death can take my second kingdome from me." [3]

Whatever may be the explanation, it is undeniable that Bacon was treated with strange and unaccountable neglect during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 109. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 41.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 190.

Macaulay notes that: "To her it was owing that while younger men, not superior to him in extraction, and far inferior to him in every kind of personal merit, were filling the highest offices of the state, adding manor to manor, rearing palace after palace, he was lying at a sponging-house for a debt of three hundred pounds." And Green, in his "Short History of the English People," comments upon the same curious and unaccountable fact: "To the end of her reign, Bacon was foiled in his efforts to rise in her service." [1]

Within five miles of Charing Cross, there is standing to-day a fourteenth-century building, known locally as "Canonbury Tower." A writer in "The Court Journal" calls attention to the fact that Francis Bacon took a ninety-nine years' lease of this building, and that "he lived there for some time, apparently in charge of the Princes Henry and Charles, sons of James I., and that he was actually living there at the time he received the seals.

"Close under the ceiling, on the wall, in a dark corner of a passage in the Tower, is painted an inscription, consisting of the Sovereigns of England from the Conquest. The names are mostly abbreviated, and, with one exception, follow each other in the recognized order. But between Elizabeth and

[1] P. 439.

James, stands, in the same way as the other abbreviations, 'Fr.' No explanation of this interpolation appeared until the deciphered story brought to light the facts that Queen Elizabeth was secretly married to the Earl of Leicester, and that the great man, whom we have known as Francis Bacon, was in reality her first-born son, and therefore the true, though unacknowledged, heir to the throne."

I have examined the inscription referred to. It is so obscured by dirt and whitewash, that it is difficult to decipher it; but, with a little care, it could no doubt be restored to legibility. It appears to run as follows:

WILL. CON. WILL. RUFUS. HEN. STEPHANUS. HEN. SECUNDUS. RI. JOHN. HEN. . . . . RICH. TRES. ED. BINI. RI. TERNUS. SEPTIMUS. HENRY. OCTAVUS. POST. HUNC. ED. SEXT. REG. ELIZABETHA. SOROR. SUCCEDIT FR(?). JACOBUS. SUBSEQUITUR. CHAROLUS. QUI. LONGO. . .

The interpolation "FR." appears to have formed part of a word of four or five letters. But whatever the word may have been, with the exception of the initial letter—to me this looks more like an E than an F—it is now completely and hopelessly illegible, having been deliberately obliterated—chipped away by means of some sharp tool, the marks of which are still evident. This fact, regarded in conjunction with the deliberate defacement of the tomb of Sir

Thomas Meautys, referred to in a succeeding chapter, is so singular, that it lends importance to what would otherwise be but of slight interest.

We are told in cipher that Elizabeth, in one of her royal rages, compelled Bacon, as a punishment for his unwearied pleading on behalf of his brother to act as counsel for the Crown against Essex, under the penalty of accompanying him to the scaffold. As Essex was hopelessly involved and foredoomed, Bacon, in order to save his own life, consented. The remorse which haunted him for having done so, is expressed with piteous reiteration.

"O Source Infinite of Light, ere Time in existence was, save in Thy creative plan all this tragedy unfolded before Thee. A night of Stygian darknesse encloseth us."[1] . . .

"I write mildly of so terrible events, so galli'g memories of fifteene, such woful, ay, such dre'dfull daies, 'tis limn'd i' fire on gloom of th' night or daye, Essex, thy murther. To sharper clamours, stifled cries or piteous moans are added, and my eares heare Robert's voyce, soe entreati'gly opening sealed dores, hau'ting all dreemes, gre'ting everie daie that doth dawne on our home."[2]

"Whilst I write all, I se most cleerly not my owne folly, but my sinful weaknesse, like as it must in the

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 42. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 20.

sight of one Divine and Supream Judge of all creatures apeare. In the blindnesse and confusio', th' moment's question loom'd up before me and blotted out love, honor, all th' joyes of the past, or dreames of farre offe fame." [1]

Some of the above passages are deciphered from "A Declaration of the Treasons of Essex" (a pamphlet written nominally by Bacon, but actually by Elizabeth), and herein lies the astonishing subtlety of the thing. This pamphlet was issued to remove some of the odium and unpopularity which the execution of Essex brought down on the heads of those concerned. Macaulay holds Bacon up to scorn and censure, as a monster of ingratitude for having written it. Bacon states that he was compelled to place his name thereto; but by a commingling of the type, in which the document is printed, he tells the true story in cipher: "O God, forgiveness cometh from Thee. Shut not this truest book, my God. Shut out my past, love's little sunny hour, if it soe please Thee, and some of man's worthy work, yet Essex's tragedy here shew forth: then posterity shall know him truly." [2]

With reference to the Queen, whom he "seldom names with a title so sacred as mother," he writes: "If crime be on a person's hands, manie a rout o'

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 21. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 179.

jeeri'g divels come into his soule, o' which the worst is pride. So fared Her Ma., Queene Elizabeth. Her whole spirit was one infernall region a realm o' Pluto . . . for the blood of her youngest borne was upon her royall hand, if not that of manie others, heirs to a future o' paine . . . Her vanity may seeme most veniall even, but vaine motives lay at the bottome o' everything which this woman did. She was my mother, yet I, more than anie other, have cause to curse her. I answer here a few of the world's accusations. I, after insult above your just conceit, I open my hard lips, for my first lengthy complaint, uttering here much of the gall and naturall wrath my burdened heart has carried many a yeere. Have patience, I prithee, my worthy friend, and continue your writing." [1]

The descriptions which Bacon gives of the life at Court, and of Elizabeth's personal characteristics, are unpleasant reading, and incompatible with his acknowledged Essay on Elizabeth. Unless some explanation be forthcoming, this appears to be nothing less than a tissue of deliberate misstatements.

He states in cipher: "She was perhaps the most singular being that, till this day, this island did produce, as there was in her such a variation of nature. She was not only wise in the laws of the country and

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 186.

of a high spirit in the business of the crown, but was besides both little and mean, insomuch that she commonly restrained the course and proceedings of her ministers and servants, for fear they would over-top and overshadow her; and to the last day of her life ascribeth all successes to her own particular drifts and reaches, and all accidents to their errors and sleepings; and would flame and blaze upon the least opposition, for which cause the wise men of the empire either did not give counsel in matters of state, or else gave it with great sluggishness and backwardness, framing their speech in so intangible a manner that it appears not plainly by their remarks what kind of principles they at first advance. By degrees they open the matter with commonplace observations and commemorations of virtue, unworthy of a princess. One shows a tender respect for her name and honour and bestows upon her admiration and respect of her abilities and virtues. Another will remark that he has the greatest solicitude to please her, and will begin:

"'Most fortunate and fair Queen, on whose head wisdom hath laid her crown, and in whose hands justice hath left her ballance and her sword, vouchsafe to hear and judge a country controversy; for there is as great equity in defending of poor men's onions as of rich men's lands; and as you are she of whom Sybilla spake—the miracle of time and nature's

glory—vouchsafe to pity this 'plaint of your poor beadsman. I call myself indeed a chaperon of this gardener, and I boast of the fortune that most luckily assigned me, the meanest of your assembled family, to defend this humble man. Seeing that your Majesty hath that, that base souls, not knowing, cannot affect—sage, grave and wise counsel and complete felicity,—and here of this felicity I propose to say something, without wandering into praises of so rare a queen. For praise is the tribute of men; felicity the gift of God; but in order to give the peculiar beauty and appropriate lustre of your highness, I should be such a perfect orator or pleader as Cicero, and not a prince or courtier; for if I should enter into your praises, whether moral or political, I should fall into subjects requiring a richer vein of wit than I have. Thus much I have said in few words according to my ability; but the truth is that the only true commander of this lady is Time, which, so long a course as it has run, has produced nothing in this sex like her for the administration, either of civil affairs or in the perfection of the mould nature hath used in putting together the rarest thing of all. For, if viewed indulgently, her beauty is much like the accounts we find in romances of the Queen in the Blessed Isles,'"[1] (etc. etc.) . . .

[1] "Word Cipher," pp. 160, 161, 162.

"At this, Northumberland or Worcester 'gin to frown, and in admirable fooling, would him challenge thus: 'Not so fast, sweet sir, soft, soft. This miracle and queen of gems is not at the beck of every man who is overwrought by his neibours, because the cares of government ought to be distinguished from these viler sort of cases. This should be referred to the learned magistrates, and not to the princess, when other things of greater weight to the state are left for want of time to low and vulgar men. Therefore thou shouldst not have spoke on't. She is the blossom and grace of courtesy, and (standing as she does, as a shield and stronghold of defense against the formidable and overbearing ambition of Spain), her reason's reach and honour's height have set the world at gaze, for wonders such as she doth possess, transcend remembrance's golden register, and recommend to times eternity; for sealed up in the treasures of her heart, that freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate, is peerless wisdom and majesty.[1] (etc. etc.)

* * * * *

'Blessed be God! that hath lent us such a gracious, learned, valiant and stainless Queen! Beshrew me, but I do hold her higher in intellectual matters than any king born in the past or present. And for her gift of speech I call to mind what Cornelius Tacitus

[1] "Word Cipher," pp. 164-165.

saith of Augustus Cæsar, that his style of speech was flowing and princelike; and her own native and original notions are proof she doth strenuously and diligently revolve and revise the subject, and doth not take hold in a superficial way of any matter of consequence.'

"After these flourishes and enhancements of her virtue, they were rewarded by her Majesty, who would then enter into the matter. I mention all this for an example to show how the deep schemers among the statesmen and deeper wits have to present their opinions on matters of state—no very difficult task if a man will skilfully mix and interlace his several kinds of business, but as their time was so much occupied with other things, as troublesome and turbulent quarrels, jealousies and emulations, the affairs of government were, it must be admitted, commonly trusted to any man that made pretense of just deliberation and decision. The ablest persons, moreover, would not row against the stream, regarding it too laborious to perform public duty without a certain assurance of advancement in life, which Elizabeth was adverse to giving unto persons of great learning. Nay, to have such fountain of learning in himself were enough to cause his credit to give place with her. Thus men of learning, because they saw no hope of reputation, very rarely delivered

their knowledge, excepting only that grand man Sir Nicholas Bacon, who died in the height of his prosperity. He did not deceive her. Nevertheless, by a kind of necessity, she kept him from the beginning of her reign, to the end of his life, near her person. Not many days after she came to the throne the priests aimed at her life; and though they were in the happiest manner both detected and defeated, yet the treacherous attempt of the conspirators kept her ever after in the highest degree of fear. The sound of a strange step about her inspired her with such terrors, that her life was made thereby more alarmed or anxious than any person's I ever saw." [1]

"She was sustained and nourished in those lighter points of character I have described by the men who swayed and controlled her, and, as she was by nature extremely prone to both anger and suspicion, and violent in both, no one escaped censure. There was not a more suspicious woman, nor a more fearful; nor at times a more stout in all England, than Elizabeth." [2]

Bacon's relations with Essex have already been touched upon. The following is an abridged account of the rebellion which brought the latter to the block: "The knowledge that he was princely in truth, despite pretense, and, whilst at Court his nominall

[1] "Word Cipher," pp. 166, 167, 168. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 169.

place and standi'g was onelie th' Courtier's, his rightful stile was Poinre, th' Queene's lawful sonne, warm'd into life and action the ambitions that were his inherited, primal instinct." [1]

* * * * *

"His planne was nothing lesse than (a) mad designe to take possession of th' Court; his assistants, Davers, Davis and Blount, being well known, might e'ter unchallenged with a sufficient number of aydes that, scatter'd about, should likewise cause no remarke; at th' given signe they were to seize, without confusion, th' halberdes of the guard, take stand, each in his previously assign'd place—one to holde the guard-chamber, one to possess himself of the hall, and a third to keepe watch at the gate—whilst Essex should enter th' presence chamber and virtually get possession of the Queene, under the pretense of complaining that certaine of her advisers and informers were his mortall enemies, and maki'g bold to desire her Ma. should bring these men to triall, should promptly name some who were neither wanting in good favor nor deficient in courage, to occupy the places so made vacant. Then was Parliament to be call'd to make concessions, and the citty itselfe to be under his controle." [2]

* * * * *

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 44.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 29, 30.

"His liberty being little restrain'd, he had ample and constant meanes of carrying on his plans. As he was not confined to his chambers at Court, it was necessary to send for him when he should appear before the councill, but when this was done, my lord boldly refus'd to go, and straightwaye disseminated a rumour that in going thither in the evening, he was set upon and nearly drowned by Cobham, th' tool of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Walter himselfe.

"But unfortunatelie this tale was frequently varied by th' Earle, and at one time hee did give out that four Jesuits had made an attack foure daies before, for the same or similar purpose. This weaken'd his case so much that but few came at his call, when he went forth bidding them arm and fight for their king.

* * * * *

"Th' tour of th' citty being well nigh made, my lord's party met Her Ma.'s troopes led forth by th' Admirall. Blount was wounded, Tracy kill'd; then my lord return'd to his owne house, and baricading the two great gates, defended th' house on all sides, but it aval'd not long. First hee begg'd for th' safe co'duct of th' Countesse, then surrendered." [1]

There is an inscription upon the walls of the Tower of London which may prove to be an unexpected confirmation of Bacon's cipher story. Writing in

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 32.

cipher he says: "My name is Tidder,"[1] spelling the word "Tudor" with an "i" instead of the more usual "u." Now turbulent Robert was on his arrest committed as a state prisoner to the Tower, and during his confinement he appears to have carved his name on the wall of his prison. The official guide to the inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower says that "over the doorway of the small cell at the foot of the stairs is the name 'ROBART TIDIR.'" The letters of which the name is composed are of very singular character, but as the inscription is without date, *we are unable to give any account of the person*, . . . "underneath the name Tidir are the letters I.H.C."

If this be coincidence, it is little less than miraculous, the more so, because no prisoner of this unusual name is apparently recorded or known to history or tradition. It will scarcely be seriously suggested that Mrs. Gallup ransacked the inscriptions upon our old buildings before concocting her improbable cipher story. For the above fact I am indebted to a pamphlet entitled "The Strange Case of Francis Tidir." The author—Mr. Parker Woodward—thus sums up his investigations: "I have found no recorded facts inconsistent with the cipher claim, but much in history that supports it."

[1] See *ante*, p. 82.

With regard to Mary Queen of Scots, Bacon alleges that the most immortal hatred existed between her and Elizabeth, but that Elizabeth had no intention of allowing the death sentence to be carried into effect. For political and personal reasons Lord Burleigh wished otherwise:

"In truth, soe determin'd was hee not onelie that sentence o' death should surely bee pronounc'd against her when she was brought to triall,—if triall that may bee entitul'd, when th' haplesse prisoner must needs chose from the counsell of her foe to obtaine any defender in th' proceedings—but, likewise, that th' harsh se'tence should not lingr' i' execution.

"Soone there was a secret interview betweene Lord Burleigh (and) Earle of Leicester, to which was summoned the Queene's Secretary, who was so threaten'd by his lordship—on paine of death, et caetera, th' poor fool—that hee sign'd for the Queene, and affixed th' great seale to the dreadful death-warrant.

"The life of the Secretarie was forfeit to the deede,[1] when Her Majesty became aware that so daring a crime had beene committed, but who shall say that the blow fell on the guilty head; for, truth to say, Davison was onely a poor feeble instrumment in their handds, and life seem'd to hang in th' ballance, there-

[1] This statement does not accord with historical evidence

fore blame doth fall on those men, great and noble though they be, who led him to his death.[1]

* * * *

"The Queene looked pale from want o' rest, but was calme and compos'd. She ask'd for the services of her owne priest; it was refus'd with needlesse sternnesse. She spake little more, pray'd in cleare tones for some minutes, commended to God her suffering soule, to Phillip of Spaine th' quarrell with England and her clayme to the throne. Then she stept forward, letting the cloake slide to the floor, and stoode up before them in a robe of brave bloud-red, and in that sweete, winsome waye, most naturall to a woman, and to her in highest degree, she bade her waiting women farewell, thanked Lord Montague who had spoken for her when th' lords sat in councell, and bade him adieu. Afterward there came a moment of hesitation—onely a minute, possibly for silente invocation,—then she spake graciously to each one in her presence, and was ledd to the blocke.

"So ended Marie of Scots, but her sad story is set downe herein, and in my heart her beautie still liveth as fresh as if she were yet amongst the living."[2]

The play of "Anne Boleyn," referred to in the following passage, has not yet been deciphered:

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 365.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 367.

"Th' picture that I shall heere give," says Bacon, "is limn'd most carefully."

* * * * *

"In th' storie of my most infortunate grandmother, the sweet ladie who saw not th' headsman's axe when shee went forth proudly to her coronation, you shall read of a sadnesse that touches me neere, partlie because of neerenesse in bloud, partlie from a firme beliefe and trust in her innocencie. Therefore every act and scene of this play of which I speake, is a tende' sacrifice, and an incense to her sweete memorie. It is a plea to the generations to come for a just judgement upon her life, whilst also giving the world one of the noblest o' my plays, hidden in Cy'hre in many other workes.[1]

* * * * *

"The lovelinesse of Anne and her natural opennesse of manner, so potent to winne th' weake heart o' th' king, awaken'd suspition and much cruell jealousie when hee saw th' gay cavaliers yielding to th' spell of gracefull gentility,—heighten'd by usage forrayn, as also at th' English Court. But if truth be said, th' fancy had taken him to pay lovi'g court unto the faire Jane Seymour, who was more beautifull, and quite young,—but also most ordinary as doth regard personall manner, an th' qualitie that made th' Queene

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 85.

so pleasing,—Lady Jane permitting marks of gracious favour t' be freelie offered.

"And the Queene, unfortunately for her secret hope, surpris'd them in a tender scene. Sodaine griefe orewhelming her so violentlie, she svvound before them, and a little space thereafter the infant sonne, so constantly desir'd, borne untimely, disappointed once more this selfish monarch. This threw him into great fury, so that he was cruellie harsh where (he) should give comfort and support, throwing so much blame upon the gentle Queene, that her heart dyed within her not long after soe sadde ending of a mother, her hopes.

"Under pretexte of beleeving gentle Queene Anne to be guilty of unfaithfullnesse, Henry had her convey'd to London Tower, and subjected her to such ignominy as one can barelie beleeve, ev'n basely laying to her charge the gravest sins, and, summoning a jury of peeres, delivered the Queene for tryal and sentence. His act doth blacken pitch. Ev'n her father, sitting amidst the peeres before whom she was tried, exciteth not so much astonishment, since hee was forc'd thereto.

* * * * *

"In justice to a memorie dear to myselfe, I must ever that it is far from cleare yet, upon what charge shee was found worthie of death. It must of neede have

beene some quiddet of th' lawe, that chäng'd some harmlesse words into anything one had in minde, for in noe other waye could speech of hers be made wrongfull. Having fayl'd to prove her untrue, nought could bring about such a resulte, had this not (have) beene accomplish'd.

"Thus was her good fame made a reproache, and time hath not given backe that priceles treasure. If my plaie shal shew this most clearly, I shall be co'tente.

* * * * *

"I begge that it shall bee written out and kept as a perpetual monument of my wrong'd, but innocent, ancestresse." [1]

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," pp. 87-90.

CHAPTER II

NEW PLAYS AND POEMS

"I will create strange Tragedies for mine eternal jewel."
SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Word Cipher*, p. 660.

"Winne honest rewarde in the praise o' your generation, by greeting them in our voyce, and like a sweete violl sound such musicke that all shal recognise the hand that made of olden time musicke that all men found good."—SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Biliteral Cipher*, p. 72.

IN "The Advancement of Learning" (Book VI., chap. i.), Bacon alludes to six different systems of cipher writing. He tells us (in cipher) that his restless mind—dissatisfied with one or two good methods—continually made use of new contrivances. Of these only two or three have, up to the present, been discovered. The Biliteral cipher, described in "The Advancement of Learning," and the significance of which has lain hidden for three hundred years, until a lady has been sufficiently patient and quick-witted to fit the key to the hitherto locked door of the past, produces *letter by letter*. The word cipher, discovered by Dr. Orville W. Owen, produces

sentence by sentence. Bacon seems to have considered it certain that his so-called "Word Cipher" would have eluded the decipherer. He gives the keys to it in the "Biliteral," which he evidently thought would be the first to attract attention and discovery. This order has, however, been reversed, the so-called "Word Cipher" having been solved by Dr. Owen several years earlier.

In addition to the motives which first led Bacon to turn to cryptography as an expedient means of accomplishing his end, others no doubt influenced him at various times in his career. In a preceding chapter the following cipher statement was quoted: "The Divine Majesty takes delight to hide His work according to the innocent play of children to have them found out; surely . . . to follow the example of the Most High God cannot be censured."[1] This idea, suggested by a passage in the Book of Proverbs: "The Glory of God is to conceal a thing, but the glory of a king is to find it out," seems to have been a very favourite one with Bacon. He quotes it in the introduction to "The Advancement of Learning," and elsewhere likens himself to a "playfellow with God."

As time went on it is plain that the art of cryptography became more and more engrossing in its

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 34.

interest, and that Bacon used it as a means, not only of secreting and transmitting his "refined history," but also of recording his hopes and fears.

"At first my plann of cipher work was this: to shew secrets that could not be publish'd openly. This did so well succeed, that a different (not dangerous), theme was entrusted to it, and after each was sent out, a newe desire possess'd me, nor left me day or night, untill I took up againe th' work I love so fondly."[1]

"It is a subtly plann'd cipher that I have us'd with a most free [hand] to cast off gloomie reflexions."[2]

"Furthermore, th' work becam' very ple'sing, to such a degre that I conceal'd matters most commonplace, and harmefull truly to none."[3]

"A man doth slowly eat his very inmost soule and hart when there shall cease to bee a friend to whom he may open his inner thought, knowledge or life."[4]

"In truth a man's thorough opening thus to a fr'end all that his braine co'ceiveth, or th' soule is co'scious of, will oft save his reason. He will eat his heart in lonelie musi'gs, for oft a feav'rous fire burneth in

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," pp. 215 and 216.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 137.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 95.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 1.

him as worlde's visions shifting and looming with wondrous swiftnesse on th' view, wooe th' minde from its labours to a restless tosse, as a shippe is beaten by mercilesse windes, or like to egg shells crush'd togethe', broken to pieces or soone made wrack."[1]

In "The Advancement of Learning" he writes: "It is enough for me that I have sowen unto posterity and The Immortal God," and he rewrites this thought in cipher.

"I, thinking expedient so to do, now obay th' Scripture and caste my very bread to the windes, or sowe it on th' waters. How shall it be at the harvest? This wheat must fill up some goodlie garner. Will the golden store—not soon since time doth slowlie moove, yet at God His right or proper daye of reward —bee mine? I thinke this shall be true, for manie a fayre hope hath bloomed out snowlike in my lone heart that promiseth ful fruition to my wish. Fame it may chance—for the workes shal come, tho' not to the authour who hid with so great paines his name, that at this writing 'tis quite unghest."[2]

The following is a list of works which, apart from the refined history and a mass of miscellaneous matter, are, says Bacon, lying buried and awaiting disentombment.

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 17.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 158.

"The Life of Elizabeth."	Historical Plays.
"The Life of Essex."	
"The Life and Death of Edward III."	
"The Life of King Henry VII."	
"The White Rose of Britain."	
"The Earl of Essex."	Historical Tragedies.
"The Earl of Leicester."	
"The Life of Marlowe."	
"Anne Boleyn."	
"Mary Queen of Scots."	
"The Seven Wise Men of the West."	Comedies.
"Solomon the Second."	
"The Mouse Trap."	
"The Aeneid."	Translations.
"The Iliad."	
"The Odyssey."	

("Th' translations . . . must not be held of little worth, for assuredly they are my best and most skill'd work."[1])

"The Spanish Armada." (Poem.)

"A Pastoral of The Christ." (Poem.)

"The New Atlantis." (Completion of.)

"Life of Greene." (Prose.)

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 216.

"Thyrsis" (Virgil's Aecloques). (A fragment.)
"Bacchantes—a Fantasie."
"It is to bee desi'd that obscurity may wrap them round awhile, perchance untill my life of Time may slip unnoted and unregreted from th' earth. One doth not have wild passionate desires and longings for power, when the light from th' Eternall Throne doth fall on him, but we would leave a name and a work men must honour."[1]
"The men who live in the world will much valew a worke so hidden and preserv'd when I shall be no more a living historian and philosopher, since all should seeme to embodie my invention, and to be the sound of my long unheard voyce, which speaks to them in tones well remember'd."[2]
At the time of writing, only two of the plays, one of the poems, and the Argument of one of the translations have been deciphered. The Argument of "The Iliad" has been produced by Mrs. Gallup by means of the Biliteral Cipher, "The Spanish Armada," "Essex" and "Mary Queen of Scots," by Dr. Owen, by means of the "Word Cipher."
The extracts which, by the courtesy of the publishers are now given, must for obvious reasons be brief, but they will be sufficient to enable the reader to form an

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 200.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 342.

opinion of the literary value of the works from which they are taken.

The writings produced by means of the Biliteral Cipher are entirely and absolutely *new*; those gleaned by the Word Cipher—being constructed from scattered sentences[1] drawn from already existing literature, and linked into sequence by means of key words—can scarcely be thus described, although arranged in their new form—or rather their *original* form—the hitherto scattered phrases become the vehicle of fresh thought, and convey quite new and different meaning. "A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!" Bacon explains that certain plays, which it would have been dangerous to have written openly, are lying concealed in short fragments here and there among the great mass of his acknowledged and unacknowledged writings. To rebuild these "broken scattered pallaces," the disjointed fragments and phrases have to be collected by certain rules and pieced together again.

"'Tis th' labour, of yeares to provide th' widely

[1] Much of Dr. Owen's deciphered work is printed without regard to metre in these short disconnected sentences, an arrangement which makes it exceedingly difficult to read. I have therefore ventured to disregard it, and have followed as far as possible the exigencies of the metre.

varied prose in which th' lines of verse have a faire haven, and lye anchor'd untill a day when th' coming pow'r may say: 'Hoist sayle, away! For the windes of heav'n kisse your fairy streamers, and th' tide is a-floode. On, to thy destiny!'" [1]

It seems probable that the Word Cipher is referred to in Sonnet LXXVI: "My best is *dressing old words new*, spending again what is already spent."

With reference to the translation of "The Iliad," Bacon writes: "It is a great art to English stately Greeke verse rightly, and if you turne it againe into prope' measure, eyther you must sacrifice th' sound, or wrest the thought, and th' exact words are often wanting to voyce its wondrous language. It is famed the wide earth arou'd for its loftinesse of diction and its sounding nu'bers." [2]

The following is taken from "The Argument of the Iliad:"

"Straightway th' hosts sweepe ore th' sandy plaine, like th' billows o' th' Icarian Sea under great winds. Th' dust is as th' smoke rising from a furnace, and loud shouts like th' resounding sea are heard. Some seize th' ships to drag them to th' main; and all make ready with tumulte that doth reach to heaven.

"Juno, fearing their abandonment o' th' great quest, sent th' blue-eyed maid, Minerva, to staye them.

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 13. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 216.

Descending th' heights of proud Olympus like a summer starre, Pallas swiftlie flew to th' Grecian campe, and sought out wise Ulysses, like unto th' gods in counsel, where he stood silent with averted face, and laid no hand on his blacke-hull'd ships." [1]

* * * * *

"Thus, mightily, the Grecian phalanxes
Incessantly mov'd onward to th' battaile.
It might not then be said, that anie man
Possessed power of human speech or thought,
So silentlie did they their leaders follow
In reverentiall awe. Each chief commanded
The troops that came with him—each led his owne—
Glitt'ring in arms, bright, shining as th' sunne
While in well order'd phalanxes they mov'd.
Th' Trojan hosts were like unto a flocke,
Close in a penne folded at fall of night,
That bleating looke th' waye their young ones went,
And fill th' ayre with dire confusion—
Such was the noyse amongst the Trojan hosts.
No two gave utterance to the same crye,
So various were the nations and the countries
From which they came. Mars these incited forth,
Minerva those inspir'd, with Terror dread,
And Rout; and Strife—the sister unto Mars
Th' homicide—she goeth on the ground
And yet doth hide her head in mistie clouds,
And while along the plaine they madly haste,
She casts amongst them wild contention." [2]

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 223. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 261.

"The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots" is complete. Two short extracts are here given, the first is taken from the first act, and the second from the final scene of the play.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Banquet room in LEICESTER'S *House.*

[ELIZABETH *smiles and drops* MARY *a curtsie.*

Queen Elizabeth. Then thou compell'st this Prince to wear the crown?
But, sir, how often shall I bid thee bear
Her hence.
Lord Leicester. Come wend with me and we will leave.
Queen Mary. Let me but stay and speak! I will not go.
Lord Leicester. Come, come away! I pray you give me leave
To lead you forth.
Queen Mary. Back, sir; lay not your hand on me!
I wonder much that you, a mighty man,
Should be a traitor unto me, your Queen.
'Tis more than God or man will well allow.
Lord Leicester. Come!
Queen Mary. Oh, let me live! Set down my ransom!
King James will make it good.
Lord Leicester. Pray, speak no more.
I beseech your grace to return with me;
Come, and if I live, I will promise
Not to bewray you, but ere the sunset
To see you plac'd safely in the castle,
From whence you came original.
Queen Mary. Oh, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,

When it deserves, with character of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion! My faith, my lord,
In your integrity stands without blemish.
Lord Leicester. Now is your time; give me your hand; kneel
Before Elizabeth and pray for mercy.
Queen Mary. You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
If I would speak, she 'd mock me into air;
Oh! she would laugh me out o' myself; press me
To death with wit: therefore let the old witch,
The hag—who 's neither maid, widow, nor wife,—
With all ill-meaning, spill my blood."

* * * * *

Footnote by Bacon. "There she stopped with tears; her swollen heart her speech seemed to bereave. The Queen, with fell look and hollow deadly gaze, stared on her: while, as one astound, my lord not one word had to speak, and, by outward signs, showed his great amaze." [1]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA QUINTA.

Hall of Fotheringay Castle hung with black. Platform and block at one end. English Peers, Executioner and Assistant. QUEEN MARY *dressed in black and red velvet gown.*

. . . *Queen Mary.* My lords, I pray ye attend! Ye charge me that
I have blown a coal of war between France, Spain
And England, and that I laid a trap as well,
To take your Queen's life; I do deny it:
I never dream'd upon this damnèd deed:
Remember how under oppression

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 692.

I do reek,—shut up, forbid to speak
The ceremonial rites of Rome: no priest
No prelate, no holy father to tell of peace
To my sick soul, attends me; no prayers nor masses
To resolve my sins, and to give ease unto
My smart and wounds—it is not to be endured!
And if you tell the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say it was a piteous deed to take
Me from the world, and send my soul to heaven!
My blood upon your heads; and in your need
Such comfort come to you as now I reap
At your too cruel hands. I pray you will present
To the Queen of England a handkerchief
Steep'd in my blood: and say to her that it
Did drain the purple sap from my sweet body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
Kent. Have done, have done; this cannot save you.
Queen Mary. I blush
To see a nobleman want manners.
Kent. I had rather
Want those than want my head.
Queen Mary. Good my lord I pray you
Speak not. What mischief and what murder too alas;
Hath been enacted through your enmity. [*She kneels and prays.*
Oh, God, have mercy upon me, and receive
My fainting soul again. Oh, be Thou merciful!
And let our princely sister be satisfied
With our true blood, which, as Thou know'st, unjustly
Must be spilled! O God, send to me the water
From the well of life, and, by my death, stop

Effusion of Christian blood, and 'stablish
Quietness on every side! Let me
Be blessèd for the peace I make. Amen. [*Rises.*
Lords, I have done, and so I take my leave:
And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu,
Sweet Shrewsbury and my loving Montague,
To you, and all, at once, once more farewell,
Farewell sweet lords, let 's meet in heaven. Good
My lord of Derby, lead me to the block. [*To the executioner.*
Sirrah, take good heart; cheer thy spirits,
And strike my head off with a downright blow:
Come, mortal wretch, be angry and dispatch."[1] [*Exeunt omnes.*

Between the first and second acts of this tragedy Bacon breaks off to remark to his decipherer that: "Faithfully transcribed it discloses the author of the plays, because if I, Master Francis Bacon, set down the history of my father, my mother and the Queen of Scots, as a play, and did mask it in plays, then I did write them all. In my judgment, though some may speak openly against my books, when they come to read the play—which is of a selfsame color as 'King John,' 'Henry IV.,' 'Henry V.' and 'Henry VI.' on the one side, and 'Cæsar,' 'Othello' and the Comedies on the other—it will prove me, Francis Bacon, to have been the author of these narrations, and satisfy the mountebanks that represent you as full of knavish impostures. When your auditors see

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 759.

and hear this play, in which are lines that with the most excellent of the others are parallel, they will leave no sour annoy for you. Even the youths that thunder at a playhouse, will, with their loud applause, and aves vehement, cut off all ill-affected speech." [1]

"The Tragedy of Robert, Earl of Essex," is also complete. To this play, which was deciphered in 1895, Bacon refers in his "Biliteral Cipher":

"One is a tragedy giving that awefull death that still doth seeme fresh within my memory, as if no long night-vigils, comming betweene longer daies of labour, dull'd the quick sense. If it were noe longer past then yesternight, it could no'come before mee more distinctly then it, to-day, standeth forth, wringing my heart with paine that never ceaseth by day or night. O God, Father of all that dwell above or below, give blessed light from Thy throne on high. Shed cleere radiance from Thine owne glorie acrosse th' blacke night. No weary work can close my heart's doors 'gainst a Heavenly Guest. Lift Thou me up in gentle love, and make Thy countenance to shine upon me as of olde." [2]

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Room in the Palace.

. . . *Queen Elizabeth.* . . . Take thou that!——

[*Gives him a box on the ear.*

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 699. [2] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 104.

Essex. Gods me!
Am I nothing but the composition
Of a knave, beggar, coward, fool, pander,
And the son and heir of a mungrell bitch,
That in public thus thou strik'st me, madam?
Though I lose my head by telling thee, know
Thy dead father durst not, without warrant,
Thus have struck me! For this box of the ear,
Rude princess, I will dearly requite thee.
God-a-mercy!
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my brain
To do some fatal execution, Queen, on thee.
Queen. Thou ill-adviséd man, peace, thou knave, peace!
Essex. Thou mayest be a queen that checks the world,
But trust me, Queen, I fear thee not a whit!
My evil nature thou hast now awak'd. [*Essays to draw his sword.*
Lord Admiral. Stay, my lord earl, stay! lay down your weapon!
Mark you, 'tis expressly against the law
To thus lay violent hands upon your sword.
Essex. Shall I endure villainy? Despiteful,
Intolerable wrongs? may this be borne?
Nor hair, nor age, nor sex, nor honour shall
Shape unto privilege this deadly mock!
Away I say!
Queen. My Lord High-Admiral,
Stand thou back; let me talk to him one word.
I will slay thee unless thou do submit!
Thou fool! break off thy speech, thou insolent!
More than my hand I will give unto thee:
Sirrah, I'll let thee understand I yet am Queen.
Essex. I do defy thee!

Queen. Call in our soldiers.
Lord Admiral. Pray heaven, Lord Robert away, away!
Essex. I will
Go when I please. Tush! I tell you I
Fear not this termagant king in petticoats!
Queen. What! darest thou look a lion in the face?
My lord avoid, or, by my soul, I vow
I will have thee whipped to very rags:
To tatters will I tear thee: yea, I will
Whip thee, till, like a boy, thou cringe and whine
Aloud for mercy."

[*All in a chafe, cursing and swearing, the* EARL *breaks away.*

* * * * *

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SEXTA.

Street in London.

Enter two or three running over the stage.

First Man. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city, and be every man himself?
Second Man. Calmly, I do beseech you; here he comes.

[*Enter* ESSEX, SOUTHAMPTON, RUTLAND, BLUNT, GORGES, *with their power.*

Essex. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorders, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part,
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together. [*Enter a soldier running.*
Soldier. My lord, there is an army gather'd together
In Smithfield.
Essex. Come then, let's go fight with them;
But first go and set London Bridge on fire,
And, if you can, burn down the Tower too.
Come, let's away! away! now up Fish Street,
Down Saint Magnus Corner; kill, and knock down,
Throw them into the Thames; lay out! lay out!
So, sirs; now go and pull down the Savoy:
Others to the Inns of Court; down with them all:
Away! burn all the records of the realm;
Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Now let us altogether to our troops. [*Exeunt.*

* * * *

"The Spanish Armada" is a poem containing upwards of 7,000 lines. It was produced by means of Dr. Owen's Word Cipher, and was published in 1895. Occasionally, when the subject matter lends itself better to prose or to dramatic form, these styles are adopted. The extract given follows upon Lord Howard's despatch rider being stopped by the sentinel on guard at the palace:

"'Soft! whither away so fast? A true man
Or a thief that gallops so? Who sends thee?'
"'I poste from Lord Howard to the Queen. Let me go!'
"'God bless the Queen. What presents hast thou there?'

"'Some certain news of the great Spanish fleet
Now close at hand.'
"'Ha! Take him to the Queen.'
"'A message in haste to your Majesty.'
"'Thou fellow, a word. This letter, who gave it thee?'
"'My Lord Howard, your Majesty. Let me
Beseech your grace that the letter be read.'
"'My Lord Leicester, break the neck of the wax.
Read it over. Let everyone give ear.'

"To her Majesty Elizabeth, Sovereign of England:

"MADAM: A merchant ship the 'Phœnix' hath put into the Mart. The master sends me word he did see the fleet of Spain between France and England, and swore he ran away from them. "I looked from the chalkie cliffs near here, but could find no sign of them. At two o'clock I sent the slaver bark 'Expedition' to seek news of the Spanish fleet. Soon after I saw her turn north in such haste I sent the 'Centaur' to go seek her. Neither my vessel nor the slave ship has returned. I greatly fear they are not safe, but are prizes of the Spaniards. If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
"Later: About the sixth hour I did encounter a gentleman who said he had seen the Armada, and counted a hundred and seven galleys. I cried: 'Where? When? From what place?' 'On the cliffs,' said he. I betook myself there, and from where I stood I saw the Armada. Their weaker vessels, the carracts, came first, and the whole Armada, from a hundred and forty to two hundred saile, standeth north-north-east and by east from the west, the whole fleet bearing up the coast. I did also see the faithful slave ship, which had wandered forth in care to seek me out news running from a vessel of an enemy. The 'Centaur' is laid up safe at the Mart. I have thirty saile, and I shall bring

them to trial to-night, if the wind blow anyway from shore. We shall not get away till midnight, but I will not harbour in this town to-night.

"Thine in all compliment of devoted duty,

"HOWARD."

To this message Queen Elizabeth replies:

"Send for my secretary, even on the instant.

Enter Secretary.

Write from us to Howard:

"Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral of England.

"Do not fight by sea. Trust not to rotten planks. Provoke not battle at sea. Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies upon this jump. Keep whole till we may the number of the ships behold, and so proceed accordingly. Your ships are not well manned, your mariners reapers, people engrossed by swift impress. In Philip's fleet are those that often have 'gainst us fought. Their ships are heavy, yours light. No disgrace shall fall on you for refusing him at sea. Strike not, my lord, at sea till our nineteen legions and our twelve thousand horse are ready. It is strange that he could so quickly cut the sea. If you fail, we cannot do it at land.

"ELIZABETH."

This dispatch Howard ignores.

"Aye, let him come! I, faith, I do desire
Delight no greater than to meet him fair.
Loose forth the bay! Let nothing stay the fleet!
We will set out this night under full saile."

After a lengthy and bombastic description of the fight—partly written by the Earl of Essex—there follows an account of the storm which sprang up and scattered the fleets.

The most graphic description of the tempest is that put into the mouth of a captured Spanish officer.

"We wist our hour had come. The tempest foul
Which 'gan our ships assail upon us burst
With such impetuous force that all our fleet
Like scattered sheep before its fury sped.

. . . . . .

All night through hidden perils wandering
Fancy pictured ghosts with sad amazèd mood,
Chattering their iron teeth and staring wide,
With stoney eyes and all the Hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flocked on every side
To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.
Above the raging tempest we did hear
The masts of one well timbred hulk blown down
Making her ribs to crack as they were torn.
Some other ships the craggy rocks did pierce,
And Neptune slipping firm his arms about
Had sunk them ere the dawning day appear'd
Down to the lower regions of his realm." [1]

The prose extract which follows is taken from the report which Lord Howard lays before the Queen: "By reason of the sharpness of their bow, their packet boats, called Caravels, which were built en-

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 540.

tirely for speed, make greater way than do their larger galleys and carracts, because the motion at the vessel's head doth draw the ship along, while the motion at the stern but pushes her, and, therefore, these ships are sharpened at the point, that they may not catch too much wind, and are used principally where there is little wind.

"The proportion of sails and masts vary, not only according to the size, but also according to the various purposes for which they are built.

* * * * *

"It was well for them that they met with calms and contrary wind rather than any tempests, because of the shape of their ships, which violent winds or storms endanger the sinking or upsetting of them, principally because the wind is most powerful in the upper tier of sails, being furtherest removed from the resistance. This afterwards did appear most strikingly in the storm that struck them in the open sea.

"Although there was no great wind at this time, the sea itself was beating with a moaning or echo louder and clearer than usual; foam, white circles of froth or bubbles of water (a glittering foam called sea-lung) were here and there to be seen; the sea was swelling and rising higher than usual in the harbour; waterfowl were meeting and flocking together; seagulls

and coots flying rapidly from the shore to the sea; the tide was coming in quicker than ordinary; the ball fire, called Castor by the ancients, which prognosticates a storm, appeared rolling or dancing about on the waves; clouds were collected near the sun at sunrise, and fleecy clouds were scattered over the sky all of which portended the approaching storm.

"Suddenly a breeze sprang up which soon increased to a great and strong wind; clay-coloured and muddy clouds (whose damps blind the soul) overcast the sky and sun. The wind commenced from the north and east, and blew for a short time contrary to the motion of the sun; it changed from north to west, then from west to south, from south to east, then back, returning to the former quarter, it completed the entire circle before the rain fell; then it increased in violence to a whirlwind, thunder, lightning and rain burst forth as if from different quarters of the sky; the great thunder-claps being frequently interrupted by severe and dreadful lightning, were followed by heavy showers of large hail. Fog called *belluae*, rising up like pillars from the sea, were hoisted from thence aloft unto the clouds, and obscured in places the light of the day.

* * * * *

"There was never any army had their men stand in better battle array than these people stood, for they all

collected around a monk that was on their ship. When he beheld the land, he elevated the cross, upon which our Saviour in like manner was, by charge or command of the people, spread in the form of the letter T. As he raised the likeness of our Saviour up towards heaven, after the manner of the Ascension, the apish crew, on knee, kissed his hand." [1]

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 520.

CHAPTER III

"SHAKESPEARE'S" SONNETS

IT will be noted that Bacon regards the "stately and honourable history" and other literature, which he had concealed, as being temporarily entombed, and that one day—far in the future—it would pace forth from its sepulchre.

"None could suppose I desir'd this to be soe conceal'd that no future discypherer may lift the vayle from my secret. If that should occur, numerous devices which have grown in many directions this waie and that,—but secretlie and like a root turning in th' soyle as it extendeth—have a grave in my work where I thought onlie of giving hiding for a little. Life is too precious, its dayes too fleeting, to be so used, if noe time should ever come to roll away from th' door of th' sepulcher this great stone." [1]

"Some might not trust a labour of yeeres to oblivio', and hope that it may one day be summon'd to take upon 't, one happy sunlit morning, its owne forme;

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 122.

yet doth some thought upholde me,—so hopefully my hart doth cling to its last desire—I write on each 'Resurgam,' beleeving they shall ev'n, like man, arise from the dust to rejoyce againe in newnesse of life." [1] On this assumption, many of "Shakespeare's" sonnets and poems, hitherto regarded as conventional nonsense, come to possess a rational and comprehensible meaning. It must be remembered that they are at present an admitted conundrum which the world has not solved. "As yet no solution has been fully accepted." [2]

The poem entitled "The Phœnix and the Turtle" is also regarded as being hopelessly incomprehensible. Mr. Sidney Lee breathes a sigh of thanksgiving that Shakespeare, happily, wrote nothing else like it. The idea that Truth and Beauty are lying *buried*, but that, although entombed, they are *living*, and will, sooner or later, pace forth from their sepulchre, is so frequently reiterated in "The Phœnix," and in the sonnets, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the conjecture now tentatively put forward can

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 101.

[2] Editor, "Temple" Shakespeare. Present-day commentators differ from the publisher of the 1640 edition of the Sonnets, who protested that they would be found "Sefen, cleere and eligantly plain . . . no intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence."

be other than part of the true solution of the problem.

"Beauty, truth and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.
. . . .
Truth may seem, but cannot be.
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she.
Truth and Beauty buried be."

The Phœnix and the Turtle.

"Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, *it is but as a tomb*
Which hides your *life* and shows not half your parts."

Sonnet XVII.

"Thy unused beauty must be *tomb'd* with thee,
Which, used, *lives* thy executor to be."

Sonnet IV.

"Thou art the *grave* where buried love *doth live.*"

Sonnet XXXI.

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet uplocked treasure,
. . . . . .
So is *the time that keeps you* as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride."

Sonnet LII.

In Sonnets XLVIII. and LXXV., we find Bacon expressing his, at one time, ever-present fear that his ingenious device for conveying the truth to pos-

terity, would be prematurely discovered, or, as he puts it, unearthed by some "sharp-eyed spye o' th' court, whose zeal would be my death." "*Truth*" and "*the filching age*" obviously cannot "prove thievish for" *a human being*:

"How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For *truth proves thievish* for a prize so dear."

Sonnet XLVIII.

"I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found,
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting *the filching age* will steal his treasure."

Sonnet LXXV.

We have seen that Bacon questioned in his own mind whether the work which he had entrusted to oblivion would be ever brought to light. The identical thought is expressed in the sonnets.

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and *Death to me subscribes.*"

Sonnet CVII.

"Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go"

Sonnet XII.

"O, fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright."

Sonnet LXV.

"Wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; *for't lies in thee*
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be."

Sonnet CI.

The confident hope that Time would one day release his "imprisoned pride," is expressed in Sonnet LV.:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of Princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time,
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom."

And in Sonnet XVIII.:

"Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines *to time thou growest.*"

Shakespeare says "Time shall unfold what pleated cunning hides," and it would be difficult to better these words to express more perfectly the interweaving, or plaiting together, of the two narratives of Fact and Fiction; or Truth and Beauty, the one outwardly known to us, the other, by pleated cunning, concealed within it. It has been shown that not only is Truth—the "refined history" of his own times—entombed, but also Beauty, in the form of the numerous new poems and plays, "for the pleasing of men's minds." This new literature is literally plaited into the old, and, when completely deciphered,

will, in all probability, almost equal the latter in bulk.

"Who . . . can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew. . . .
But he that writes of you . . .
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what Nature made so clear,
And such *a counterpart, shall fame his wit,*
Making his style admired everywhere."

Sonnet LXXXIV.

"Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee."

Sonnet X.

"Be thou, the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise."

Sonnet XXXVIII.

The two last lines are probably addressed to the decipherer, Bacon's beloved imaginary friend, "the faithfull man who is to bring this history to that vast world which lieth dreamlesse far, far off, as a thing apart."[1] "It shall bee seene that to my minde the discypherer is th' modest co'fessor who listeneth

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 10.

behind a lattise to what I do impart. . . . Indeed, he is to me a friend who can reach out his hand across the abysm of the ages.[1] Many times I have a sense of my kinde companion's presence." [2] "The lawrell must at some future day be bestowed upon you. . . . On mee it doth impose a great labour, but the part you shall doe shall be much lighter." [3]
In the following, Bacon is apparently thinking complacently of "my worthie cipher" . . . "oft quite dificile." [4]

> "If there be nothing new, but that which is
> Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
> Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
> The second burthen of a former child!
> O, that record could with a backward look,
> Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
> Shew me your image in some antique book,
> Since mind at first in character was done!
> *That I might see what the old world could say*
> *To this composed wonder of your frame!*
> * * * * *
> Oh, sure I am the wits of former days
> To subject worse have given admiring praise."
>
> *Sonnet LIX.*

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 131. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 129.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 26.
[4] "I have shewne some wit heerein. Let him that would be a discypherer do the same, and win the prize by strife, if indeed at all."—*Biliteral Cipher*, p. 102.

In the preceding sonnets, it is sufficiently obvious that the mysterious object which is being apostrophized is neither a man nor a woman, nor indeed a human being.

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

Sonnet LIII.

The two following quotations infer that it is something personal to the writer:

"O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?"

Sonnet XXXIX.

"But here 's the joy; *my friend and I are one*;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone."

Sonnet XLII.

Although Bacon here uses the word "*she*," he quickly reverts to the neutral and impersonal "*it*."

"If *my dear love* were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, *it* was builded far from accident,
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralléd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:

It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours.
But all alone stands hugely politic."

Sonnet CXXIV.

Either the writer is here referring to his refined history—his imprisoned pride, which is to pace forth, or, as is perhaps more likely, he is contemplating that sublime organization which he had founded—or was about to found—"The Highly-Wise and God-Beloved R.C." While the Stuarts were frittering away the honour and dignity of the country, the Meritorious Order feared not policy, but, all alone, stood hugely politic, silently determining in the depths, the changes which were soon to manifest themselves upon the surface.

Although Sonnet CXXIV. refers apparently to the Rosicrucian Fraternity, this seems to be exceptional. By comparison of No. LXVI. with a deciphered passage, conjecture becomes almost conclusion that the "dear love," so frequently referred to, is in many, if not in all cases, Bacon's *hidden and suppressed Muse*,

"For *I am shamed* by that which I bring forth."

Sonnet LXXII.

Note Sonnet LXVI.!

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired of all these, from these I would be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone."

and compare with the following deciphered passage: "Our light hath burned lowe. . . . For ourselfe th' future bringeth surcease of sorrowe. *Had we no secret labours to performe, gladly would we listen for th' foot-fall of Death*, the somber herald; yet our wish is not as might afford our own life pleasure till it our work be compleate, inasmuch as this is more trulie good and important, wee do nothing doubt, then the works which our-hand openlie performeth." [1]

The allusion to "strength by limping sway disabled," is in all probability a reference to the younger Cecil, Bacon's powerful and inveterate foe. By reason of a deformity he *limped in his walk.*

In the first draft of his will Bacon wrote: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 108.

speeches and to foreign nations and the next ages, and to my own countrymen *after some time be past.*" On the same preliminary page of "The Advancement of Learning" (1640) as that at the foot of which the translator has written, "The fame of Bacon grows secretly and unobserved, like a tree," there occurs—standing alone and apart from the context—the following Latin sentence: "Ordine sequeretur descriptio Tumuli Verulamiani monumentum Nobiliss. Mutisij, in honorem domini sui constructum; quâ pietate, et dignitatem Patroni sui, quem (quod rari faciunt, etiam post cineres coluit) consuluit; Patriae suae opprobrium diluit; sibi nomen condidit. Busta haec nondum invisit interpres, sed invisurus: Interim lector tua cura commoda et abi in rem tuam." Translated literally this reads as follows: "*The delineation (or exposition) of the tomb of Verulam will follow in succession to that of the most illustrious Meautys.* Erected in honour of his master, by his piety he confers upon him the dignity of his Patron, since he cherished his memory even after death—a rare thing. He blotted out the opprobrium of his fatherland, and built up a name for himself. *The interpreter* [*query, the decipherer* (*?*)] *has not yet perceived* [*the meaning of* (*?*)] *these tombs, but is about to do so.* Meanwhile, O reader, with proper care, go about thy day's work."

The body of Sir Thomas Meautys lies buried next to that of his friend, kinsman and beloved master, Sir Francis Bacon, in the church of St. Michael, Gorhambury. His tombstone, the inscription upon which is to lead to the "interpretation" of Bacon's epitaph, lies at the foot of the altar rails; but, with the exception of the name, *the whole of the lettering has been obliterated* by means of some sharp instrument, the marks of which are still visible. The grave is distinguished by nothing in the nature of an effigy which could have tempted some truculent puritan to injure it. It is merely a stone slab, and hence it is difficult to suggest any satisfactory explanation other than that put forward by some advanced Baconians—that the truth about Bacon, "Shakespeare" and the Rosicrucians is well-known in certain circles of Freemasonry, and that the possessors of the secret are carefully burking inquiry until such a time as they think ripe for disclosure of the facts. Bacon's epitaph reads as follows. The original inscription is in Latin :

FRANCIS BACON

BARON OF VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN'S

OR BY MORE CONSPICUOUS TITLES
OF SCIENCES THE LIGHT; OF ELOQUENCE THE LAW.
SAT THUS
WHO, AFTER ALL NATURAL WISDOM
AND SECRETS OF CIVIL LIFE HE HAD UNFOLDED
NATURE'S LAW FULFILLED.
LET COMPOUNDS BE DISSOLVED.
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD M.DCXXVI
OF HIS AGE LXVI.
OF SUCH A MAN
THAT THE MEMORY MIGHT REMAIN
THOMAS MEAUTYS
LIVING HIS ATTENDANT
DEAD HIS ADMIRER
PLACED THIS MONUMENT.

Here the only words which appear to need any "interpretation" are: "Let compounds be dissolved" (*Composita Solvantur*). There is nothing to explain their meaning, unless perhaps that mysterious poem "The Phœnix and the Turtle" does so.

"Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same.

Reason in itself confounded
Saw division grow together,
To themselves, yet either neither
Simple, were *so well compounded*
That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one."

By the dissolution of a compounded *twain* are we to obtain a simple and concordant *one*? By dissolving the compounded fact and fiction "*Time will reveal what pleated cunning hides*," so must the truth be known, and Bacon's name reverd in many a land among the sons of men.

"It is for this that I looke out to that long future, not of years but of ages, knowing that my labours are for benefit of a land very far off, and after great length of time is past. Europe must also reap th' great harvest still ripening, as doth the yellowe graine where th' sunshine doth fall." [1]

"I have lost therein a present fame that I may out of anie doubt recover it in our owne and othe' lands, after manie a long yeare. I thinke some ray that farre offe golden morning will glimmer ev'n into thf tombe where I shall lie, and I shall know that wisdome led me thus to wait unhonour'd, as is meete, until in the perfected time—which the Ruler that doth wisely shape our ends rough hewe them how we

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 356.

will doth ev'n now knowe—my justification bee complete." [1]

"I must plant, I must sow, while none save hee [2] shall reape my fields of ripening golden corn that must feed the hungrie in future ages. Th' gods' sweet nectar or ambrosia, is not so immortall as my precious harvest shall be. It is to you I doe speak, and unto you do I looke for aide. I, alone, am like a child in its infancie, weake and helplesse; you must afford strength for my frame. Yours is the hand that must lead me whither my steps would go—the guide, lamp, staffe indeed my sole hope and staie—the judge who is to give sentence upon the least or upon the greatest of the crimes any of the persons of whom I speak were guilty—the one from whom I shall expect just sentence when my owne life doth stand before you in judgement.

"When my very soule doth lie, as the soules of men shall, before our Father's judgement seate, expos'd to the eies of men and angels, I shall receyve all men's praise insteed of a whole nation's, or manie nations', contumely. Then my love shall bee known, which would sacrifice my ease, that humanity might share in all these labours, reaping rich benefits from my studies. So must my name bee revered in manie a land among th' sons of men; and in old

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 82. [2] (*i.e.*, the decipherer.)

countries where learning doth flourish, shall new knowledge grow from these experiments or inquiries when th' naturall lawes have been more carefully sought."[1]

If my conjectures be correct, we may say with a more literal meaning than has ever yet been given to the phrase: "Summa ars est celare artem" ("The highest art is *to conceal art*"). But the reader will probably ejaculate with the decipherer: "Oh, my lord, it is not easy to grasp in thought, much less to express in words."[2]

"I am ready to distrust mine eyes and wrangle with my reason, that persuades me to any other truth but that I am mad. I fear for certain the world will call me mad, before it will believe such multiplicity of genius. . . .

"The extraordinary aggregation concerned in it will, I fear, make me scandalized."[3]

With prophetic insight, and viewing from afar that promised land, the existence of which he tried so hard to make men realize, but which he himself was not destined to enter,[4] that pioneer, Ignatius Donnelly, wrote in 1888:

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 358. [2] "Word Cipher," p. 41.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 23.

[4] "Minneapolis, January 2, 1901. The death is announced of Dr. Ignatius Donnelly, the propounder of the theory, which he en-

"I do not blame any man for having declared *a priori* against the possibility of there being a Cipher in the Plays. On the face of it, such a claim is improbable, and, viewed from our nineteenth century standpoint, and in the light of our free age, almost absurd. I could not, in the first instance, have believed it myself. I advanced to the conception slowly and reluctantly. I expected to find only a brief assertion of authorship, a word or two to a column. If any man had told me five years ago that these two plays were such an exquisite and intricate piece of microscopic mosaic work as the facts show them to be, I should have turned from him with contempt. I could not have believed that any man would involve himself in such incalculable labour as is implied in the construction of such a Cipher. We may say the brain was abnormal that created it. But how, after all, can we judge such an intellect by the ordinary standard of mankind? If he sought immortality, he certainly has achieved it, for once the human family grasps the entirety of this inconceivable work, it will be drowned in an ocean of wonder. The Plays may lose their charm; the English language may perish; but tens of thousands of years from now, if the world and civilization endure, mankind will be talking

deavoured to prove by his famous cryptogram, that Shakespeare's plays were written by Lord Bacon."—*Reuter.*

about this extraordinary welding together of fact and fiction; this tale within a tale; this sublime and supreme triumph of the human intellect. Beside it the 'Iliad' will be but as the rude song of wandering barbarians, the 'Paradise Lost' a temporary offshoot of Judaism."

CHAPTER IV

BACON'S MASKS AND PSEUDONYMS

"I often advisedly and deliberately throw aside the dignity of my name."—FRANCIS BACON, *De Aug.*, vii. 1.

MR. SIDNEY LEE, writing in "Chamber's Encyclopædia," states that "Bacon's literary work occupied the greater part of his time throughout his life."

Now Bacon was admittedly an intellectual giant: "He stands almost alone in literature—a vast, dispassionate intellect, in which the sentiment of philanthropy has been refined and purified into the subtle essence of thought."[1] Macaulay characterizes his mind as "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." Pope considered that "Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced."

When twelve years of age he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Two years later he begged to be re-

[1] Whipple's "Age of Elizabeth."

moved, as he had acquired all the learning his teachers could impart, and he considered he was merely being taught *words*.[1] The philosophy of Aristotle, which was the universal teaching of his time, he condemned as unsatisfactory, and at the age of *fifteen* commenced to plan a new system of his own.

When, therefore, we are told that Bacon's *literary* work occupied the greater part of his time "*throughout his life*," we naturally ask what results are to be shown from so much labour on the part of so stupendous a genius. His chaplain, Dr. Rawley, has left it on record that his lordship wrote the majority of his published works during *the last five years* of his life, while he was "in the shadow," and he adds: "with what *celerity* he wrote them I can best testify."

With the exception of some pamphlets and a few short essays—a veritable mouse from such a mountain—Bacon published nothing whatever until 1605, when, at the age of forty-four, he brought out "The Advancement of Learning." After 1605 his activity again ceased apparently for a further fifteen years, *i.e.* until 1620. In that year the "*Novum Organum*" was published, and thereafter, in quick succession,

[1] "What do you read, my lord?"
"Words, words, words!"
Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2.

"Henry VII." (1622), "The Winds" (1622), "Life and Death" (1623), "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*" (enlarged) (1623), "*Sylva Sylvarum*" (1627).

It is obvious that between the ages of fifteen and forty-four much could be—and we have now reason to believe—*was* accomplished. The idea that so facile a writer, filled with so tremendous a purpose, accomplished nothing during these best years of his life, may be dismissed as unworthy of credence.

Although I have suggested *fifteen* as a conjectural age at which Bacon may have commenced to write, there would be no absurdity in considerably antedating his early literary attempts. Of Hugo Grotius, a contemporary Dutch writer, we read "when he was but *eight* years old, viz., anno 1591, he did make verses extempore and disputed twice publicly in questions of philosophy."[1] As a further instance of precocity, that illustrious and many-sided genius, Goethe, is conspicuous. *Before* he was *ten* years of age he "wrote several languages, meditated poems, invented stories."

If dramatic poesy were the work of Bacon's youth, and philosophy the occupation of his old age, it may be truly said, as Donnelly happily expresses it: "In the one case it is the lammergeyer sitting among

[1] Introduction to "Works of Grotius," Lond., 1655.

the stones, in the other it is the great bird balanced on majestic pinions in the blue vault of Heaven."[1] Bacon seems quickly to have realized that "ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven," and how great an educational power *the stage*, under proper conditions, might become. He unquestionably used it as one of his instruments, and there is but little doubt that the "Shakespeare" plays—especially the historical ones—were part of his scheme for the advancement of learning, the pleasing of men's minds, and the bettering of men's bread and wine.

In all probability there was a complete sequence of these historical dramas, some of which have not come down to us. It is noteworthy that there are still in existence, under the names of various authors, who dovetail and supplement each other:

"King John." (*Shakespeare.*)
"Edward I." (*George Peele.*)
"Edward II." (*Marlowe.*)
"Edward III." (*Anonymous; by many commentators attributed to Shakespeare.*)
"Richard II." (*Shakespeare.*)
"Henry IV." (*Shakespeare.*)
"Henry V." (*Shakespeare.*)

[1] "The Great Cryptogram," p. 582.

" Henry VI." (*Shakespeare.*)
" Richard III." (*Shakespeare.*)
" Henry VII." (*prose history, Bacon.*)
" Henry VIII." (*Shakespeare.*)

We read in cipher: " The wish to leav'n th' stout youths of our land in western and many northern country towns, is vastly gaini'g stre'gth, and many workes have been plann'd to interesse in plays men who can get little else." [1]

This extract refers to a political scheme Bacon had in hand at the time, but it is doubtless justifiable to quote it as an expression of opinion apart from its context, in view of the following passage from " The Advancement of Learning ":

" Dramatic poetry, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if it were sound; for the discipline and corruption of the theatre is of very great consequence. And the corruptions of this kind are numerous in our times, but the regulation quite neglected. The action of the theatre, though modern states esteem it but ludicrous, unless it be satirical and biting, was carefully watched by the ancients, that it might improve mankind in virtue; and indeed many wise men and great philosophers have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle;

[1] Biliteral Cipher," p. 76.

and certain it is, though a great secret in nature, that the minds of men in company are more open to affections and impressions than when alone." [1]

There is incontestable evidence that Bacon was closely but secretly connected with the stage. It will be sufficient at the moment to quote the letter to the Queen, in which Essex blurts out—with reference to Francis and his brother Antonie,—"Already they print me and make me speak to the world, and *shortly they will play me* in what form they list *upon the stage.* The least of these is a thousand times worse than death."

"Few events in our literary history," says Richard Green, in his "Short History of the English People," "are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theatre, as we have seen, was erected only in the middle of the Queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theatres existed in London alone." [2]

It will be noted that "the middle of the Queen's reign" just synchronizes with the period when Bacon's powers were at their zenith, and it seems a not unjustifiable conjecture that we are indebted to him, not only for the best and noblest plays in our language, but for the introduction and establishment of our modern theatre, which, as everyone knows, super-

[1] Book II., chap. xiii. [2] p. 426.

seded the ecclesiastical "Mysteries" and "Miracle Plays" of the Middle Ages.

"The workes I do mid rankes truely ignorant of such attempts, would seeme greaten then th' parts th' men o' my times have knowne of. Indeed, it may not winn any belief, since it would seem more then th' hand of but a mortall could (by anie manner of working at this daye knowne to authours) unayded and alone performe. . . . The cause is clear enough for you to acquainte all men with so much truth, which is simply use o' th' time." [1]

"All men who write stage-playes are held in co'tempte. For this reason none say 'How strange,' when a plaie cometh accompanied with gold, asking a name by which one, puting it forward, shall not bee recognis'd or thought to bee cognisant of its existence. For this cause, if rare stories must have a hidi'g, noe other could be so safe, for th' men who had won gold in any way, did not readily acquai't any man, least o' these a stranger, with his source of wealth, as you may well understand. For space o' many long yeeres, ther'fore, I have cent'red my thought, and giv'n as much of my time as th' calls of our businesses do permit. My motive some might question, yet it seemeth to mee a worthie and right one to be giv'n waie, my wishes or plans being myracles to some

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 212.

slighte degree, th' great thought comming to me i th' silente night vigils. . . . In my plaies, therefor I have tossed my feeli'gs as they doe roll and swell, c hurtle along their way." [1]

"Severall small works, under no name, wonne worth praise. Next in Spenser's name also they venture into an unknowne world. When I, at length, havin written in diverse stiles, found three, who for suffi cient reward in gold added to an immediate renown as good pens willingly put forth all workes which had compos'd, I was bolder." [2]

With reference to the above statement, it is noteworthy that Spenser's "Shepheard's Calendar" wa first published *anonymously* in 1579, and in thi form passed through many editions. It was no until 1611, twelve years after Spenser had died at a London tavern of want and starvation, that the book was claimed to be his. The following lines, signed "Immerito," are taken from the dedication :

"Goe, little booke : thyselfe present
As child whose parent is unkent.
. . . . .
But if that any aske thy name
Say thou wert base begot with blame;

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 77. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 81.

For thy thereof thou takest shame [1]
And when thou art past jeopardee
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee."

"The plays being given out as tho'gh written by the actor to whom each had bin consign'd, turne one's genius suddainelie many times to suit th' new man." [2]
"I varied my stile to suit different men, since no two shew the same taste and like imagination." [3]
"Our name never accompanieth anie play, but it frequently appeareth plainly in Cypher for witty minds to transla'e from Latine and Greeke." [4]
An example of this occurs in "Love's Labour Lost," Act V., Sc. I. Costard says: "Thou art not so long by the head as 'HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS.'" This remarkable word is an anagram. It exactly contains the Latin sentence: "*Hi ludi tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati.*" (These plays, entrusted to themselves, proceeded from Fr. Bacon.) A different form of the word is also found on a private document that belonged to Bacon. It there occurs in the form of "HONORIFICABILITUDINO." This is another anagram, and exactly contains the sentence: "*Initio hi*

[1] Compare:

"For I am shamed by that which I bring forth."
"SHAKESPEARE," *Sonnet LXXII.*

[2] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 37. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 200. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 56.

ludi, Fr. Bacono." (In the beginning these plays from Fr. Bacon.)

This curious discovery was made several years ago by Dr. Platt, of New Jersey. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was at once swept airily aside as "co-incidence."

Bacon states in cipher that "Greene, Spense', Peele, Shakespeare, Burton and Marley, as you may somewhere see it, or as it is usually giv'n, Marlowe, have thus farre been my masks which have caused no mark'd surprise, because they have familia' name' on th' title page, not fancied, but of living men—at the least, of men who have lived." [1]

If the claims now made have any foundation, and it be true that all these literary streams flowed from one fountain, it follows that the reputed authors were, more or less, impostors. Is there anything in their recorded lives which would justify the idea of such a possibility? It must be admitted that there is no great improbability. It is notorious that "The earlier dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene or Marlowe, were, for the most part, poor and reckless in their poverty, wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day; 'atheists' in general repute, 'holding Moses for a juggler'; haunting the

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 204.

brothel and the alehouse, and dying starved; or in tavern brawls." [1]

As will be seen hereafter, the pseudo-poets Greene, Peele, Marlowe and Shakespeare, probably all suspected each other's literary pretensions. A tradition respecting at least one of Shakespeare's plays seems to have survived even until 1678, and is quoted by Mr. Sidney Lee in his "Life of Shakespeare":

"'Titus Andronicus' was, in his own lifetime, claimed for Shakespeare, but Edward Ravenscroft—who prepared a new version in 1678—wrote of it: 'I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.' Ravenscroft's assertion deserves acceptance." [2]

Donnelly's mathematical cipher states:

"These plays are put abroad at first upon the stage in the name of *More-low*, a woebegone, sullen fellow. He had engaged in a quarrel with one Arch-or, a servant, about a wanton, ending in a bloody hand-to-hand fight, in which he was slain. The point of his own sword struck against his head and eye, making fearful wounds." [3]

[1] Green's "Short History," p. 428. [2] p. 40.

[3] "Cryptogram," p. 690.

And the following fragment apparently refers to Marelowe's blasphemous sentiments:

"My father would, in his wrath, have burned the horson rascally—yea—forsooth—knave alive in the fire of Smithfield, for the sin he hath committed against Heaven and the State." [1]

A. H. Buller says:

"How he employed himself after taking his Batchelor's degree is not known. A ballad printed from MS. by J. P. Collier, asserts that he was an actor at the Curtain Theatre, and 'brake his leg in one lewd scene when in his early age.' But the ballad is evidently spurious. . . .

. . . "In May, 1593, at the age of twenty-nine, Marlowe met a violent death in a quarrel (about a courtesan, it is stated) with one, Francis Archer, a serving-man. . . . Thomas Beard, in the 'Theatre of God's Judgment,' declares that '*Hee even cursed and blasphemed to the last gaspe, and together with his breath, an oath flew out of his mouth.*' There can be no doubt that Marlowe had led an irregular life. In Harleian MS., 6853, is a note 'contaynynge the opinion of one, Cristofer Marlye, concerning his damnable opinions and judgment of relygion and scorne of God's worde.' This scandalous document . . . in parts, is quite unfit for publication."

[1] "Cryptogram," p. 693

"Dyce registers it as his opinion that 'It is not easy for me to resist the conclusion that Marlowe's impiety was more confirmed and daring than Warton and others have been willing to allow.'"

With reference to Robert Greene, Green in his "Short History" states:

"In the words of remorse he wrote before his death, he paints himself as a drunkard and a roysterer, winning money only by ceaseless pamphlets and plays, to waste it on wine and women, and drinking the cup of life to the dregs. Hell and the afterworld were the butts of his ceaseless mockery. If he had not feared the judges of the Queen's Courts more than he feared God, he said, in bitter jest, he should often have turned cutpurse. He married and loved his wife, but she was soon deserted, and the wretched profligate found himself again plunged into excesses which he loathed, though he could not live without them. But *wild as was the life of Greene his pen was pure* (!).[1]

These facts are confirmed by "Chambers' Encyclopædia" (article, Robert Greene):

"He led a very irregular life, but his literary activity was ceaseless. . . . Though his life may have been dissolute, his works are singularly free from grossness. *He died of the consequences of a debauch.*"

[1] P. 429.

George Peele was another of apparently the same type as the two preceding "poets":

"He seems to have had a reputation at the University as a poet and arranger of dramatic pageants, but by 1581 he had removed to London, where for seventeen years he lived a roystering Bohemian life as actor, poet, and playwright, dying a discreditable death in 1598. 'As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox,' writes Meres. . . . (*Peele*) was one of those warned to repentance by the miserable Greene. . . . Little confidence need be put in the Merry Jests of George Peele (1607), which are mostly ancient and borrowed witticisms, representing Peele as a shifty and disreputable trickster, and yagabond haunter of taverns." [1]

One of the causes of complaint urged against Bacon by Queen Elizabeth was that "Thy companions are the very disturbers of our peace; a company of irreligious harpies, scarping, griping catchpolls, unlettered, rude and shallow." [2] The language is strong, but Elizabeth seems to have had some justification for her epithets—at least so far as regards Greene, Peele and Marlowe.

In the life of Edmund Spenser there are episodes curiously akin to those in Greene's, Peele's and

[1] "Chambers' Encyclopædia."

[2] "Word Cipher," p. 259.

Marlowe's. "Spenser," says Professor Hales, "did not enjoy worldly prosperity. From the beginning the saying of one of his admirers applies: 'Poorly poor man he lived, poorly poor man he died.' . . .
"As a scholar he does not seem to have distinguished himself at Cambridge. . . . There are traces of some friction between him and the authorities. . . .
"About the close of 1598, or the beginning of 1599, he reached London, homeless, destitute, exhausted. On January 13th he died at a tavern in King Street, Westminster, certainly in distressed circumstances, if not—as Ben Jonson stated to Drummond, and we would fain not believe—'for lack of bread.'"
Amongst traditional biographical evidence is the printed correspondence between Spenser—under the pseudonym of "Immerito"—and his college friend, Gabriel Harvey. Spenser was the son of a journeyman tailor. He entered Cambridge as a sizar or poor student, and it was not until many years afterwards that while in Ireland he was so fortunate as to come into some official windfalls due to the Irish rebellion. "Poorly poor man he lived, poorly poor man he died." Bearing these facts in mind, it is strange to find Gabriel Harvey, a man of importance, an M.A., and a Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, addressing "Immerito" by such deferential terms as: "Your magnificenza," "your excellencie," "your

monsignorship," "good Lord, you a gentleman, a courtier and youth," "so honest a youth in the city, so true a gallant in the court, so toward a lawyer and so witty a gentleman." The following passage also seems to call for some explanation: "For all your *vowed and long experimented secresie.*"

A contributor to No. 33 of "Baconiana" draws attention to the fact that Spenser's "Prothalamion" contains the following passage:

> "When I (whom sullen care
> Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
> In Princes' Court and expectation vain
> Of idle hopes which still do fly away,
> Like empty shadows did afflict my brain)
> Walked forth to ease my paine."

"A writer in vol. lviii. of the 'Dublin Universal Magazine,' failed to reconcile this complaint with the facts of Spenser's pecuniary position. Kilcolman Castle and its 3,000 acres, to say nothing of paid appointments, ought to have been good enough.

"Francis Bacon, in 1594, was, at the age of thirty-three, still unsuccessful in his application for advancement by Court favour, and had been passed over for the post of Solicitor General.

In 1609, after Spenser's death, there was a re-issue in folio of the 'Faerie Queene,' with *two cantos never before printed.*



(*a*)



(*b*)

PORTRAITS OF SIR FRANCIS BACON (*a*) AND HIS ALLEGED FATHER, ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER (*b*)

"'Complaients,' 1591, a collection of poems variously dedicated to Lady Compton, the Marquesse of Northampton, Lady Strange, Countess of Pembroke, and Lady Carey, contains a poem called 'Virgil's Gnat,' curiously dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, who died 1588. We give a part of this dedication:

> "Wronged, yet not daring to express my paine,
> To you, great lord, the causer of my care,
> In cloudie tears I thus complain
> Unto yourselfe, that only privie are."

This seems to lend support to the cipher story. One fails to see that Spenser had any cause of complaint against the Earl of Leicester. Spenser was in Ireland, and well off.

"Before leaving the 'Complaients,' it occurs to us as remarkable that a poet, known to be living at that time in Ireland—which at that period was about as far off in the way of days' journeying as Jamaica is from us to-day—should be so well acquainted with a number of ladies of title frequenting the Court of Elizabeth. No correspondence with him has ever been shown to have existed. Francis Bacon, whom the cipher story declares to be the author, was in almost daily attendance at Court."[1]

Notwithstanding Peele's disreputable record the mag-

[1] Mr. Parker Woodward, "Baconiana," No. 33.

nificent poems, "Polyhymnia," "Anglorum Feriae," and "The Order of the Garter" establish beyond reasonable doubt that they likewise were the work of someone in close touch with the court and the nobles of the court. Like "Spenser," the writer was also apparently a close and intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney.

> "Sidney, at which name I sigh,
> Because I lack the Sidney that I loved
> And yet I love the Sidneys that survive."
>
> *Polyhymnia.*

It is also worthy of note that the Shepherd interlude in Peele's "Arraignment of Paris" is *inspired wholly*,[1] including the names of the characters, by Spenser's "Shepherds Calendar."

We find Peele—that pillar of London taverns—soaring aloft with ambitious pinions perhaps as little his own as were the wings of Icarus. To anyone that is acquainted with the sentiments of Francis Bacon the following passage will seem strangely familiar:

> "Leaving our schoolmen's vulgar trodden paths,
> And following the ancient reverend steps
> Of Trismegistus and Pythagoras
> Through uncouth ways and inaccessible,
> Dost pass into the spacious pleasant fields

[1] Prof. Henry Morley.

Of Divine Science and Philosophy,
From whence beholding the deformities
Of common errors and world's vanities,
Dost here enjoy that sacred sweet content
That baser souls not knowing, not affect."

The Order of the Garter.

A few lines further on "Peele" adds his testimony to the prevailing barbarism of the period: "*These unhappy times disfurnished wholly of heroical spirits.*" The styles of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare are sufficiently similar to have troubled critics to distinguish between them, and have caused commentators to suppose that the four writers sometimes worked in collaboration. Professor Dowden suggests that: "In the Second and Third parts of 'Henry VI.' (c. 1592) he (Shakespeare) worked upon the basis of old plays written probably by Marlowe and Greene—possibly also Peele—and in the revision he may have had Marlowe as a collaborator."

A comparison of the works of these four writers—to which we may add a fifth, Edmund Spenser—brings out very remarkable identities of style and thought. I give one or two typical examples:

"Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, III.

"The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas."

MARLOWE, *Edward II.*

"As when the Sun attir'd in glistering robe
Comes dancing from his oriental gate
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams."
PEELE, *David and Bethsabe.*

"At last the golden oriental gate
Of greater Heaven 'gan to open fair
And Phoebus fresh as bridegroom to his mate
Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy air."
SPENSER, *Fairy Queen*, Bk. I., C. v., st. 2.

"These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre."
MARLOWE, *Jew of Malta.*

"*These arms of mine* shall be thy winding sheet
My heart, sweet boy, *shall be thy sepulchre.*"
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Pt. III.

"The wild Oneil with swarms of Irish kerns
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale."
MARLOWE, *Edward II.*

"The wild Oncle my lords is up in arms
With troops of Irish kerns that uncontrolled
Doth plant themselves within the English pale."
SHAKESPEARE, *Contention*,[1] Pt. I.

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet XCIV.*

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."
Edward III.[2]

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[1] "The First Part of the Contention," is the earliest form in which "Henry VI." appeared.

[2] A derelict play assigned to an unknown author.

"She is a pearl
Whose price hath launched
above a thousand ships."
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida.*

"Was this the face that launched
above a thousand ships?"
MARLOWE, *Faustus.*

In Marlowe's "Faustus" the hero expresses dissatisfaction with Aristotle's philosophy, for the same reason as did Bacon: "Is *to dispute* well, logic's chiefest end? Then read no more." [1]

There is another curious fact about this play. The 1616 edition differs from the earlier 1604 edition, and contains a large amount of new matter. As Marlowe died in 1593, the speculation arises, *who wrote this new matter?* An entry in the diary of the theatrical manager, Philip Henslow, informs us that in 1602 he paid £4 to Wm. Birde and Samuel Rowley for "adicyones" to Faustus, but this would scarcely account for the 1616 improvements; moreover, these "adicyones" are the finer literature, and commentators will hesitate before ranking Wm. Birde and Samuel Rowley higher than Marlowe. A somewhat similar difficulty exists in connection with the prologue of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida."

The plot of Greene's novel, "Pandosto," was annexed without acknowledgment by "Shakespeare," who dramatized it under the title of "A Winter's Tale."

[1] Sc. I.

Marlowe's well-known lines, "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," are quoted—also without acknowledgment—in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III., Sc. 1. It is surely unusual for antagonistic bards to "borrow" in this barefaced manner!

It will, perhaps, be suggested that these and other instances of parallelism in thought were due to the peculiar and prevailing spirit of the age. But as I have endeavoured to show, the spirit of the period was horrible and barbarous. It is remarkable how rapidly after Bacon's death the stage sank into obscenity. "The glossness in the later comedy," says John Richard Green, "is incredible. Almost as incredible is the taste of the later tragedians for horrors of incest and blood. The hatred of the Puritans to the stage was not a mere longing to avenge the insults which it had levelled at Puritanism; it was in the main the honest hatred of God-fearing men against the the foulest depravity presented in a poetic and attractive form." [1] Ben Jonson, in the dedication of "Catiline," deplores the "so thick and dark an ignorance as now almost covers the age." It is true that here and there men of god-like impulse and ability broke with all force through this darkness, but Greene, Peele, and Marlowe were scarcely men of this stamp. On the contrary, the

[1] "Short History," p. 438.

beauty of their writing seems to have been in inverse ratio to the rankness of their lives.

The notion that any and every poet of the time could successfully imitate the rolling swell of Shakespeare's mighty lines, is surely a fallacious one? In order to realize this let us listen to a little of the limping jingle of Ben Jonson, the poet laureate, who by general consent ranks *next to Shakespeare* as a dramatic poet:

"Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit;
(According to the palates of the season.)
Here is rhyme not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet
Whose true scope if you would know it," etc., etc.

Prologue, *Volpone.*

The laureate's *pathos* creates a mild wonder.

"*Aeglamour.* My drowned love
Earine! the sweet Earine!
The bright and beautiful Earine,
Have you not heard of my Earine?
Just by your father's mill—I think I am right—
Are not you Much the Miller's son?
Much. I am."

The Sad Shepheard.

This fragmentary lyric will emphasize sufficiently the distinction between the style of Shakespeare and that of his nearest competitor. I have no wish to traduce

the reputation of Ben Jonson, by so absurd an inference as that his plays rarely rise higher than the low level of these two examples, but it is true that his writings abound in passages equally poor. Between him and "Shakespeare" there lies a gulf that cannot be spanned, yet we find commentators in a spirit of unconscious humour sapiently "assigning" not only *passages* in Shakespeare's inimitable works but *entire plays* to various other authors.

The authenticity of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," "Taming of the Shrew," "Love's Labour's Lost," "Comedy of Errors," "Henry VI.," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "King John," "Henry IV.," "Winter's Tale," and "possibly The Merchant of Venice," has at one time or another each in turn been questioned, and their authorship assigned by various Shakespearean scholars (who usually differ from each other and manifest "none of the beautiful unanimity of orthodoxy") to Greene or Peele or Marlowe or Nash.

On the other hand, plays such as "Thomas Lord Cromwell," "Sir John Oldcastle," and "A Yorkshire Tragedy," because they do not happen to bear comparison with the writing of Shakespeare's maturer genius, *but in defiance of the fact that they bear Shakespeare's name upon their title-pages*, are attributed to some mysterious author, of whom all trace

has been lost. If we accept the proposition that the works of these known and unknown minor poets are so similar in thought and style as to be indistinguishable one from the other, to what preposterous conclusions do we find ourselves betrayed. "The English nation in the time of Shakespeare was," says Dr. Johnson, "yet struggling to emerge from barbarity." Literature was confined to professed scholars or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark," *yet* we are asked to believe that, in this age, so palpably, so pre-eminently gross, the lewd dregs of the population wrote "singularly pure" verses; that London at this period of overwhelming ignorance, teemed with embryo Shakespeares, and that, but for the unfortunate fact that drink and dissipation nipped them off in their budding manhood, our literary firmament would have been blazing with a galaxy of sublime poets!

"Loe, how a man ought to take heed lest he overweeningly follow public opinions which should be measured by the rule of reason and not by the common report." [1]

Montaigne.

CHAPTER V

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

"Our first duty is to acquaint ourselves with the facts of the situation. We can then either square them with our preconceived views and wishes, or, what is better, we can face them honestly. But, either from carelessness or passion, to deny facts and to ignore facts—surely this is the height of wilful unwisdom."

WHEN we come to consider the writings of "Shakespeare," and compare with them the recorded life of Mr. William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the County of Warwick (gent.), our difficulties become peremptory and acute. The writer "Shakespeare," rising from sullen earth, sang hymns at heaven's gate; the man Shakspere led what Ralph Waldo Emerson characterizes as an "obscure and profane life."

There exists a common but erroneous notion that we possess no record of the poet's career; unfortunately for his good name, we possess too full a one. "I am not sure that we should not venerate Shakespeare as much, if the biographers had left him undis-

turbed in his obscurity. To be told that he played a trick on his brother player in a licentious amour, or that he died of a drunken frolic . . . does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote 'Lear.'" [1]

In order that my statements may not be put aside as inaccurate, highly coloured, or exaggerated, I quote the facts of Shakspere's career, so far as possible, verbatim from Mr. Sidney Lee's well-known "Life of Shakespeare" (Student's Abridged Edition): "This masterly work is an honour to English scholarship, an almost perfect model of its kind, and it is matter for great national rejoicing that the standard life of Shakespeare has at last been made in England. Rarely have we seen a book so wholly satisfying, so admirably planned, skilfully executed. . . . It is an absolutely indispensable hand-book for every intelligent reader of the plays." [2]

The acccuracy of truth drawn from a source so generally approved will hardly be called in question, and I am encouraged to proceed.

Richard Grant White, that *ultra* Shakespearean scholar, says:

"Shakespeare was the son of a Warwickshire peasant, or very inferior yeoman, by the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. Both his father and mother were so

[1] Hallam.

[2] "Blackwood's Magazine," February, 1899.

ignorant that they signed with a mark, instead of writing their names. Few of their friends could write theirs. Shakespeare probably had a little instruction in Latin in the Stratford Grammar School. When at twenty-two years of age, he fled from Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had never seen half a dozen books, other than his horn book, his Latin accidence and a Bible. Probably there were not half a dozen others in all Stratford." [1]

"His father's financial difficulties grew steadily, and they caused his removal from school at an unusually early age. Probably in 1577, when he was 13, he was enlisted by his father in an effort to restore his decaying fortunes. 'I have been told heretofore,' wrote Aubrey, 'by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade,' which, according to the writer, was that of a butcher. . . . An early Stratford tradition describes him as 'a butcher's apprentice.'" [2]

It is pertinent to point out that there is not the slightest *evidence* that Shakspere ever attended the Stratford school; but, assuming that he did so, Mr. Sidney Lee infers that he was removed at the age of thirteen. The tradition that he was apprenticed to a butcher is con-

[1] Richard Grant White, "Atlantic Magazine." Quoted in "Bacon v. Shakespeare," Reed.

[2] "Life of Shakespeare," Lee, p. 10.

firmed in cipher.[1] One commentator gravely puts forward the theory that the line: "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," was inspired by Shakspere's early practice of *sharpening skewers*, one part of the process being "rough hewing" and the other "shaping." What were the bard's occupations during these years is not definitely known, but, from the evidence we possess, it is fairly safe to infer that he was a pouching ne'er-do-well.

"The independent testimony of Archdeacon Davies, who was vicar of Saperton, Gloucester, late in the seventeenth century, is to the effect that Shakespeare 'was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement.'"[2]

Before Sir Thomas Lucy succeeded in driving him from the neighbourhood, we are informed in cipher[3] that he seduced a woman greatly his senior,[4] and that her relatives compelled him by *force majeure* to marry her. This fact is confirmed by Mr. Sidney Lee.

[1] "The Great Cryptogram."

[2] "Life of Shakespeare," Lee, p. 16.

[3] "The Great Cryptogram."

[4] A widow of the name of Whateley; her maiden name was Anne Hathaway.

The italics in the next, and following quotations, are mine:

"The prominence of the Shottery husbandmen in the negotiations preceding Shakespeare's marriage, suggests the true position of affairs. Sandells and Richardson, representing the lady's family, doubtless secured the deed on their own initiative *so that Shakespeare might have small opportunity of evading a step which his intimacy with their friend's daughter had rendered essential to her reputation . . . Within six months*—in May, 1583—a daughter was born to the poet."[1]

A marriage under such conditions could scarcely turn out otherwise than it appears to have done. The poet deserts his wife and children, and bolts up to London:

"All the evidence points to the conclusion . . . that in the later months of the year 1585 he left Stratford, and that, although he was never wholly estranged from his family, *he saw little of wife or children for eleven years*."[2]

It is admitted that in London, by some means or other, the man grew quickly rich. "In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' the young playwright, fresh from his own Stratford,[3] flings himself into the midst of the

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 13. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 15.

[3] "*His own Stratford.*"—"A dirty village. . . . The streets foul

brilliant England which gathered round Elizabeth.... Country lad as he is, he can exchange quip and repartee with the best." [1]

There is no evidence that he gave a thought to his wife. On the contrary: "His father's pecuniary embarrassments had steadily increased since his son's departure. Creditors harassed him unceasingly.... He was, on December 15th of the same year, 'presented' as a recusant for absenting himself from church. The commissioners reported that his absence was probably due to 'fear of process for debt.' He figures for the last time [2] in the proceedings of the local Court in his customary role of defendant, on March 9th, 1595. . . . *There is a likelihood that the poet's wife fared in the poet's absence no better than his father.*" [3]

with offal, mud, muck-heaps, and reeking stable refuse."—RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

"Shakespeare's home was in the vicinity of middens, fetid watercourses, mud walls, and piggeries."—HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

"The most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved, wretched-looking town in all Britain."—DAVID GARRICK, 1769.

Richard Grant White also describes Shakspere's traditional home as "hardly equal to a rustic cottage, almost a hovel, poverty stricken, squalid, kennel like."

[1] Green's "Short History," p. 432.

[2] The alderman also figures on the roll of fame by being fined on two separate occasions for public indecency.

[3] "Life of Shakespeare," Lee, pp. 92 and 93.

Moreover, when the prosperous actor returned to "his own Stratford" a rich man, he failed to do her the justice of leaving her by will any provision for the future beyond—his second-best bed. "The name of Shakespeare's wife was omitted from the original draft of the will, but by an interlineation in the final draft she received his second-best bed, with its furniture. *No other bequest was made her.*"[1]

J. Richard Green's statement that "fresh from his own Stratford, he flung himself into the midst of the brilliant England," etc., is purely supposititious and conjectural. As a matter of fact, the young ne'er-do-well gravitated towards the exact spot we should expect—the theatre-yard.[2] The characteristics of these places have been recorded for us by the Lord Mayor of London in 1597. In language that needs no emphasis, he describes theatres as "ordinary places for vagrant persons, maisterless men, thieves, horse-stealers, whoremongers, cozeners, coney-catchers, contrivers of treason and other idele and dangerous persons."

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 145.

[2] "The compiler of the 'Lives of the Poets,' by Theophilus Cibber (1753) was the first to relate the story that his original connection with the playhouse was as holder of the horses of visitors outside the doors. . . . There is no inherent improbability in the tale."—LEE, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 20.

"William Castle, the parish clerk of Stratford, at the end of the seventeenth century, was in the habit of telling visitors that he (*Shakespeare*) entered the playhouse as a servitor. Malone recorded in 1780 a stage tradition 'that his first office in the theatre was that of prompter's attendant' or call-boy." [1]

"Greene speaks bitterly of him under the name of Shakescene as an 'upstart crow beautified with our feathers.' . . . He was soon partner in the theatre, actor and playwright, and another nickname, 'Johannes Factotum,' or Jack-of-all-Trades, shows his readiness to take all honest work which came to hand." [2]

Up to the present point there has been nothing in Shakspere's career that would cause us to suppose he was a sublime genius, or, indeed, that he had any education whatever. There is no evidence that he attended the local Grammar School; but, granting this conjecture, as Richard Grant White states, there were probably not half-a-dozen books in the whole village, and the school lessons probably consisted—he is assumed to have left before he was thirteen—of the A, B, C and the Lord's Prayer from a horn book. Of the curriculum of study pursued at the Stratford school we have no record. At the time

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," Lee, p. 21.

[2] Green's "Short History," p. 431.

of Shakspere, it was conducted by a single teacher at a stipend of £20 a year. Hence it is obvious that very few of the inhabitants availed themselves of its educational advantages, or, that the solitary pedagogue must have been exceedingly overworked. The accounts of provincial schools of this period are instructive and interesting reading. One schoolmaster is recorded to have regularly commenced the day's studies by flogging his pupils, for no other reason than "to give himself a heate."

Taking into account these and other circumstances, it is, therefore, absolutely astonishing to be told that Shakspere, when he bolted from Stratford and mingled with the riff-raff in the theatre-yard, brought with him in his pocket "Venus and Adonis," nay even perhaps "Hamlet." Richard Grant White says: "With 'Venus and Adonis' written, *if nothing else*, Shakespeare went to London." The conundrum becomes greater when we bear in mind that in the sixteenth century the provincial dialects were so marked that the country *gentry*—such as Members of Parliament and Officers of Militia—had difficulty in making themselves understood, except by their provincial neighbours. If this were the case among the higher ranks; what must have been the *patois* spoken by the tradesmen, the mechanics and the peasantry—to which latter class Shakspere admittedly belonged.

Fortunately, in "King Lear," a specimen of provincial *patois* has been crystallized and handed down to us:

"EDGAR *dressed like a* peasant.

Oswald. Wherefore, bold *peasant*, dost thou support a published traitor? Hence. . . . Let go his arm.

Edgar. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Os. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Ed. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An ch'ud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Os. Out, dunghill!

Ed. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir! Come; no matter vor your foins."[1]

It would not be unreasonable to anticipate that when the poet first budded in song, he would, like Burns, have expressed himself in some homely ballad or simple love-lay; but we are greatly mistaken. The first "heir of his invention" is a stately poem, written in choice and academic English, dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, prefixed by a Latin quotation from Ovid's "Amores," and vouched for as being fit for publication by *Bacon's early tutor*, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Milton refers gravely to Shakespeare warbling "his native woodnotes wild." I give a few examples of

[1] Act IV., Sc. vi.

the poet's "woodnotes." The list could be extended *ad nauseam.*

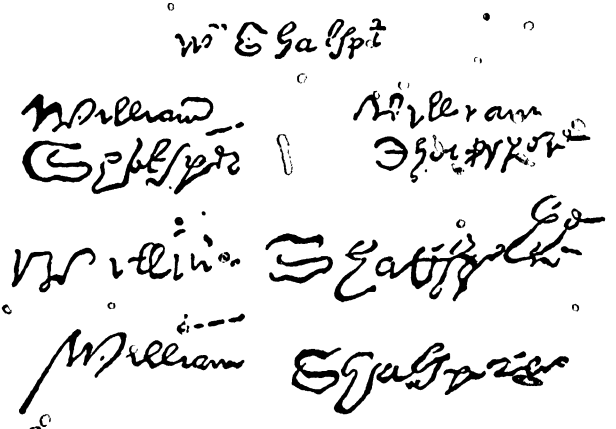
Circummured.	Rubrous.
Exsufflicate.	Pendulous.
Cacodæmon.	Cautelous.
Conflux.	Recordation.
Tortive.	Armipotent.
Errant.	Evitate.
Disnatured.	Imbost.
Legerity.	Unsuppressive.
Credent.	Propinquity.
Œilliads.	Tristful.

We cannot withhold our sympathy from Ben Jonson when he caustically complains, "Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears."

It will be seen in the following chapter that his indefatigable foe, the younger Cecil, endeavoured to damage Bacon's prospects by fixing him with the authorship of "Richard II.," a play which was regarded by Elizabeth as treasonable. In order to get up his case, Cecil made inquiries of the provincial Bishop of Worcester what manner of man was this "author" Shakespeare. The Bishop's reply (deciphered by Donnelly) was as follows:

"We know him as a butcher's rude and vulgar 'prentice, and it was in our opinions not likely that he writ them. He is neither witty nor learned enough. The subjects are far beyond his ability. It

FACSIMILES OF THE PENMANSHIP OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE



"The only extant specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting that are of undisputed authenticity consist of the five autograph signatures" (Sidney Lee).

"His mind and hand *went together*" (Heminge and Condell, "Introduction to the First Folio, 1623").

is even thought here that your cousin of St. Albans writes them."[1]

This Bishop seems to have possessed shrewd commonsense; as will be seen hereafter, he displayed it again on another occasion.

"Until his death," says Mr. Sidney Lee, "Shakespeare's 'Old English' handwriting testified to his provincial education."[2]

The "handwriting" referred to consists of five strange scrawls. Notwithstanding their grotesque illegibility Shakespearean scholars have come to the conclusion that they are autographs, two of them being attached to Shakspere's will, and the remaining three to legal documents. These five "signatures" are the only scraps of Shakespeare MS. in existence. No two of them are spelled alike, and they are so crabbed, so illegible, so flatly contradictory to the statement made by the editors of the first folio that Shakespeare wrote with such easiness that there was scarcely a blot on his papers, that there seems ground for the supposition that, like many of his contemporaries of a similar rank, Shakspere could trace his own name, but that his literary abilities ended there. In those days reading and writing were accomplishments confined to the cultured and the educated.

[1] "Cryptogram, p. 789.

[2] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 8.

Mr. Lee goes on to say: "Shakespeare had no title to rank as a classical scholar" (p. 9). If this statement applies to the actor-manager, it is probably true enough, but if to the writer of the Shakespeare plays the remark savours of rank folly. The plays not only bristle with classical allusions and references, but they are pervaded with scholarship, and two-thirds of the newly coined words, which will be referred to later, are drawn from classical sources. The writer of the plays was beyond all controversy a cultured aristocrat, and it is possible to trace his acquaintanceship with the following ancient writers. Mr. Lee's ideas of classical scholarship must be singularly lofty, if this list be considered inadequate.[1]

Heliodorus.	Plato.
Sophocles.	Æschylus.
Ovid.	Plutarch.
Dares Phrygius.	Galen.
Horace.	Paracelsus.
Virgil.	Pythagoras.
Lucretius.	Livy.
Statius.	Tacitus.
Catullus.	Lucian.
Seneca.	Homer.
Euripides.	Aristotle, etc., etc.

[1] Since writing the above I understand that a work is in the press the writer of which proves "Shakespeare's" acquaintance with upwards of *one hundred classical authors*.

We shall probably be told that Shakespeare's acquaintance with these writers is due to the fact that their works were text books in provincial Grammar Schools. If it were so education has greatly retrogressed.

Knight informs us that: "Shakespeare in his Roman plays appears to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian."

As has been truly said, Shakespeare's classical allusions "are not purple patches sewed on to a piece of plain homespun; they are inwoven in the web." In addition to being a profound classical scholar, it can be proved almost conclusively that the writer of the plays was a manifold linguist, possessing a knowledge of French, Italian, and, in all probability, some Spanish. Several of the plots of the plays are taken from Latin, Greek and Italian works, of which no English translation existed at the time.

The plot of "Othello" is drawn from an Italian novel written by Giraldi Cinthio. Many of the incidents in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" are taken from a Spanish romance by Montemayor. One entire scene in "Henry V." is written in colloquial and idiomatic French; and the discussion between the two grave-diggers in "Hamlet" is a satire upon a contemporary French law-suit. "Timon of Athens"

is drawn partly from Plutarch and partly from the Greek Lucian, an author who was not translated into English until fifteen years after the publication of Shakespeare's play. "The Comedy of Errors" is founded upon the "Menæchmi" of the Latin poet Plautus. Richard Grant White's statement that there were probably not half-a-dozen books in all Stratford has already been quoted; but Professor Henry Morley suggests that in Shakespeare's day "Plautus was read commonly in schools, and the 'Menæchmi' had a place among his works that would have caused it to be often the play chosen by a schoolmaster." The same writer explains away a quotation from the first Eclogue of Mantuan, which occurs in "Love's Labour's Lost," by a similar suggestion—that Shakespeare *might* have read the work as a school text book, when a little country boy of twelve.

It must be borne in mind that lending libraries were unknown, and that the man Shakspere—so far as we know—had no cultured or wealthy acquaintances, who might conceivably have prompted and suggested to him his themes and subjects.

Mr. Sidney Lee assures us the "the Earl of Southampton . . . is the only patron of Shakespeare that is known to biographical research. No contemporary document or tradition gives the faintest suggestion

that Shakespeare was the personal friend, or dependent, of any other man of rank."[1]

The inference that Southampton knew Shakespeare personally, is principally based upon the fact that "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" are dedicated to this nobleman,[2] and that certain cryptic utterances in the Sonnets, are, by some, assumed to refer to the same individual. There is also a tradition that Southampton made Shakespeare a present on one occasion of £1,000.

Apart from the classical knowledge and culture displayed throughout Shakespeare's works, it can be proved that the writer was either a lawyer, or possessed so profound an acquaintance with the subtleties and intricacies of English law, as otherwise to be absolutely inexplicable. Not only does Shakespeare invariably lay down good law,[3] but *he frequently muses*

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 63.

[2] "To the Earl of Southampton Shakespeare dedicated his 'Venus and Adonis,' although he had not asked permission to do so, as the dedication shows, and in those days and long after—without some knowledge of his man, and some opportunity of judging how he would receive the compliment—a player would not have ventured to take such a liberty with the name of a nobleman."—RICHARD GRANT WHITE, quoted in *Bacon v. Shakespeare*, p. 271.

[3] He had "a deep technical knowledge of the law," and an easy familiarity with "some of the most abstruse proceedings in

to himself in legal terms. Sonnet XLVI is an example of this :

> "Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
> How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
> Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would *bar*,
> My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
> My heart doth *plead* that thou in him dost lie,
> A closet never pierced with crystal eyes.
> But the *defendant* doth that *plea* deny
> And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
> To 'cide this *title* is *impanelled*
> A *quest* of thoughts, all *tenants* to the heart,
> And by their *verdict* is determined
> The clear eye's *moiety* and the dear heart's part."

I would emphasize the fact that Shakespeare's legal expressions are brought in not with specific purpose, in the way, for instance, that technical terms are made use of by Rudyard Kipling. They are, on the contrary, frequently woven into the text, as it were, unconsciously and without *rationale*. It should also be noted that on the strength of internal evidence, it is obvious that Shakespeare was a musician and a philosopher; a statesman, an aristocrat, with a familiar knowledge of court life, filled with a contempt for the "mutable rank-scented many," and

English jurisprudence. . . . Whenever he indulges this propensity, he uniformly lays down good law."—LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CAMPBELL, quoted in *Bacon v. Shakespeare*, p. 7.

that he possessed more than a slight knowledge of seamanship and navigation, medicine, botany, and the stars.

There was living in London at the time probably only one man possessed of such extraordinary qualifications—Francis Bacon.

Mr. Sidney Lee informs us that: "The sole anecdote of Shakespeare that is positively known to have been recorded in his lifetime, relates that Burbage, when playing 'Richard III.,' agreed with a lady in the audience to visit her after the performance; Shakespeare, overhearing the conversation, anticipated the actor's visit, and met Burbage, on his arrival, with the quip that 'William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third.' Such gossip possibly deserves little more acceptance than the later story in the same key, which credits Shakespeare with the paternity of Sir William D'Avenant . . . The story of Shakespeare's parental relation to D'Avenant was long current in Oxford, and was at times complacently accepted by the reputed son . . . The antiquity and persistence of the scandal *belie the assumption that Shakespeare was known to his contemporaries as a man of scrupulous virtue.*" [1]

He certainly was not. On the contrary, he seems to to have been regarded as an arrant impostor.

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," pp. 139 and 140.

Greene refers to him as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," [1] and, alluding to the author of "Fair Em," an anonymous play, at one time attributed to Shakespeare, the same dramatist writes: "The ass is made proud by this underhand brokery." [2]

In epigram, No. 56, Ben Jonson levels his satire at "Poet Ape." The "Poet Ape" is believed to be Shakespeare.

"Poor Poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief
As we, the robbed, leave rage and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays. Now grown
To a little wealth and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own,
And told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish, gaping auditor devours.
He marks not whose 'twas from, and aftertimes
May judge it to be his as well as ours.
Fool, as if half-eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool or shreds from the whole piece."

Epigrams.

With regard to Ben Jonson's testimony—as this writer is always put into the witness-box as the chief witness on Shakspere's behalf—it is well to note

[1] "Groatsworth of Wit."

[2] Preface to "Farewell to Folly."

carefully his utterances on the subject. The following is a summary of them:

"1598. He degrades the stage. He is ignorant of the ordinary rules of dramatization.

"1601. He barbarizes the English language, and brings all arts and learning into contempt. He wags an ass's ears. He is an ape.

"1614. His tales are but drolleries. He mixes his head with other men's heels.

"1616. He is a poet-ape, an upstart, a hypocrite, and a thief. His works are but the frippery of wit.

"1619. He wanted art and sometimes sense.

* * * * *

"1623. The soul of the age: the greatest writer of ancient or modern times.

"1637. I loved him this side idolatry as much as any."

"The key to this paradox lies, without doubt, in the sudden intimacy which Jonson contracted with Francis Bacon in or about the year 1620.

* * * * *

"Jonson soon afterwards took up his residence with Bacon at Gorhambury, and became one of the 'good pens' which Bacon employed to translate the 'Ad-

vancement' and other philosophical works into Latin."[1]

It will be seen anon that Shakspere possessed a grasping and litigious temperament, yet, strange to relate, Mr. Sidney Lee confesses that he "made no effort to publish any of his works, and uncomplainingly submitted to wholesale piracies of his plays, and to the ascription to him of books by other hands. Such practices were encouraged by his passive indifference, and the contemporary condition of the law of copyright."[2]

We are bewildered when, on the other hand, we read that "Shakespeare in middle life brought to practical affairs a singularly sane and sober temperament."[3]

"With his literary power and sociability, there clearly went the shrewd capacity of a man of business. Pope had just warrant for the surmise that he—

> 'For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight
> And grew immortal in his own despite.'

"His literary attainments and successes were chiefly valued as serving the prosaic end of providing permanently for himself and his daughters. His highest ambition was to restore among his fellow-townsmen the family repute."[4]

[1] "Bacon v. Shakespeare," p. 104.
[2] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 71.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 92.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 148.

If Shakspere possessed the shrewd capacity of a business man, and were so anxious to make money and to retrieve his family fortunes, it is difficult to understand the passive indifference with which he ignored his literary products, both in his will and during his lifetime, and allowed them to be pirated by every roving publisher who chose to steal and make money out of them. Here was indeed fine scope for those litigious faculties which did not disdain such miserably small deer as a few shillings "loaned." Mr. Sidney Lee does not seem quite happy in his mind as to Shakspere's character. Besides alluding to his "passive indifference," he refers to his "characteristic placability," both of which are, apparently, diametrically opposed to the "shrewd capacity of a man of business," "the sanity of his mental attitude towards life's ordinary incidents;" and the fact that "Shakespeare inherited his father's love of litigation, and stood rigorously by his rights in all his business relations."[1] However, having by some means or other grown rich, in 1597—or about that time—Shakespeare retires from the stage, leaves London, and returns to "his own Stratford," where we find him involved in a discreditable land-grabbing scheme. Mr. Sidney Lee gives us all particulars:

"Combe's death involved Shakespeare more con-

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 104.

spicuously than before in civic affairs. Combe's heir, William, no sooner succeeded to his father's lands than he . . . attempted to enclose the common fields which belonged to the corporation of Stratford. The corporation resolved to offer the scheme a stout resistance," and, "in formal meeting drew up a letter to Shakespeare imploring him to aid them."

* * * * *

"Shakespeare consequently joined with his fellow-owner, Greene, in obtaining from Combe's agent . . . a deed indemnifying both against any injury they might suffer from the enclosure. But, *having thus secured himself* against all possible loss, Shakespeare threw his influence *into Combe's scale*. . . . It is plain that in the spirit of his agreement with Combe's agent, he continued to lend Combe his countenance. Happily Combe's efforts failed, and the common lands remain unenclosed."[1]

The poet was exceedingly litigious and grasping. There is reason to believe that he employed a kinsman named Greene as his attorney, and that this individual had his permanent residence in Shakspere's house—New Place, Stratford.

Mr. Sidney Lee states:

"Shakespeare inherited his father's love of litigation, and stood rigorously by his rights in all his business

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 143.

relations. In March, 1600, he recovered in London a debt of £7 from one John Clayton. In July, 1604, in the local Court at Stratford, he sued one, Philip Rogers, *to whom he had supplied, since the preceding March, malt to the value of* £1 19*s.* 10*d.*, and had, on June 25th, lent 2*s.* in cash. Rogers paid back 6*s.*, and Shakespeare sought the balance of the account £1 15*s.* 10*d.* During 1608 and 1609 he was at law with another fellow-townsman, John Addenbroke. On February 15th, 1609, Shakespeare . . , obtained judgment from a jury against Addenbroke for the payment of £6 and £1 5*s.* 0*d.* costs, but Addenbroke left the town, and the triumph proved barren. Shakespeare avenged himself by proceeding against one, Thomas Horneby, who had acted as the absconding debtor's bail." [1]

The foregoing passage throws an interesting sidelight on "the poet's" occupations. Apparently, he combined the lucrative professions of moneylender and brewer of malt. There is nothing either disgraceful or derogatory in these, but they are hardly what one would associate with the author of "Othello," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet."

The bard's death was grievously *non-spirituelle.* "According to the testimony of John Ward, the

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 104.

"Kindness nobler ever than revenge"!—SHAKESPEARE.

vicar, Shakespeare entertained at New Place his two friends, Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson, in this same spring of 1616, and 'had a merry meeting,' but, 'it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted.' A popular local legend, which was not recorded until 1762, credited Shakespeare with engaging at an earlier date in a prolonged and violent drinking bout at Bidford, a neighbouring village." [1]

Some Shakespearean commentators close their eyes to this unfortunate failing of the poet, others see nothing to deprecate: "Shakespeare, the drunken savage! Savage, yes, but the inhabitant of the virgin forest; drunken indeed, but with the ideal. He is a giant, beneath the boughs of enormous trees, who holds a great golden cup, and the light which he drinks is reflected in his eyes." [2]

In the foregoing epitome, no notice has been taken of what the cipher has to say upon the subject. An extract from the Bishop of Worcester's report to Cecil is here given:

"I have sometimes seen him (*Shakspere*) in his youth caper it about with a light heart, halloing and singing by the hour, and in the raggedest apparel and almost

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 144.

[2] "Essay on Shakespeare," Victor Hugo.

"A cogitation of the highest rapture"!—Ben Jonson.

naked. A bold, forward, and most vulgar boy." [1] "But I must confess," says Bacon, "there was some humour in the villain; he hath a quick wit and a great belly; and, indeed, I made use of him, with the assistance of my brother, as the original model from which we draw the characters of Sir John Falstaffe and Sir Toe-be." [2]

It is not impossible that this statement may be as true as it is remarkable. It is universally admitted by commentators, that in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Shakespeare caricatured the enemy of his youthful poaching exploits, as Mr. Justice Shallow, who comes up to London to obtain redress of his wrongs. "Such an incident," says Mr. Lee, "as the tradition reveals, has left a distinct impress on Shakespearean drama. Justice Shallow is, *beyond doubt*, a reminiscence of the owner of Charlecote." [3] "Justice Shallow, whose coat of arms is described as consisting of 'luces,' is thereby openly identified with Shakespeare's early foe, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote." [4]

If Mr. Justice Shallow be openly identified with Sir Thomas Lucy, it seems logical to infer that Shakespeare is to be identified with Falstaff, for it is *against the fat knight* that Shallow brings his charges.

[1] "The Cryptogram, p. 812.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 816.
[3] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 17.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 85.

The passage is as follows:

"*Shallow.* Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter!

Shal. Tut, a pin, this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight: *I have done all* this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I., Sc. 1.

It will be seen from the portrait of Shakspere, which is here reproduced, that the face and figure are those of a coarse, fat individual, void of intellectuality and possessing an exceedingly sensual mouth. It is scarcely necessary to point out that this effigy and the Droeshout engraving,[1] which is

[1] The original painting, from which this was drawn, appears to have recently come to light.



PORTRAIT OF WM. SHAKSPERE.

(From the Bust over his Tomb at Stratford)

hopelessly hideous, are the only two portraits of the bard which are accepted as authentic.[1] There are indications about the Stratford effigy which lead us to suppose that it was modelled from a death mask. The sweet face, the well-shaped head, and the flowing hair, came into existence long after the poet's decease, and are purely imaginary.

In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III., sc. 3, we find a most singular and choice epithet applied to Falstaff—"This gross wat'ry PUMPION." A pumpion is, presumably, a pumpkin, and we come across the same curious term used by Ben Jonson in his "Prince's Masque," the sub-title of which is "Time Vindicated." As we have shown, there is reason to believe that when Jonson entered Bacon's service, Bacon took him also into his confidence. In the celebrated ode, addressed to the Lord Chancellor on his sixteenth birthday, Ben Jonson says:

> "Thou stand'st *as if some mystery thou did'st.*
>
> . . . . . .
>
> 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known
> For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own."

For the quotation which follows I am indebted to the author of an anonymous essay entitled "Shakespeare-Bacon." The "Prince's Masque" was pro-

[1] "These are the only certain portraits."—PROF. DOWDEN, *Ch. Ency.*

duced in 1623, two years after Bacon's impeachment and disgrace.

"*Fame.* How now! What 's here? . . .
Eies. . . . . That unctuous Bounty is the Bosse of Belinsgate.
Eares. Who feasts his muse with claret, wine and oysters. . . .
Fame. The next?
Eares. A quondam Justice, that of late
Hath beene discarded out o' the pack o' the peace.

. . .

Fame. What are this paire?
Eies. The ragged rascalls.
Fame. Yes.
Eies. Meere rogues, you 'ld thinke them rogues, but they are friends.
One is his printer in disguise, and keepes
His presse in a hollow tree, where to conceale him
He workes by glow-worme light, the moone 's too open.
The other zealous ragge is the compositor
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabite
(The emblems of his labours) will sit curl'd
Whole dayes and nights, and worke his eyes out for him.
Nose. Strange arguments of love! There is a schoolemaster
Is turning all his workes too into Latine—
To pure Satyricke Latine.

. . . . . .

Nose. . . . Fame, you'll find you 'ave wronged him.
Fame. What a confederacie of Folly is here!

. . . . . .

Fame. I envie not the Apotheosis,
'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion."

The "quondam justice" . . . "of late discarded,"

seems to be a distinct reference to Bacon's dismissal from the Lord Chancellorship. The allusion to his printer in disguise, working by glow-worm light, probably confirms the suspicion that the commingling of two fonts of type, upon which the biliteral cipher depends, must have necessitated one or more printers or compositors being in Bacon's confidence and employment, or, at any rate, under his control. Turning his "workes into Latine" may refer to the fact that Ben Jonson was employed to translate from English into Latin, Bacon's "Advancement of Learning." "*'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion*," seems nothing less than a prophecy of what has actually taken place.

In the preceding sketch I have endeavoured to produce evidence, not that Bacon was the author of the so-called Shakespeare plays[1]—of this so many volumes are already in existence that they threaten to glut the world—but to show that there are reasons for believing that the stage player Shakspere was not only incapable of writing them, yet on the other hand was "a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition."[2] It may be thought that of *malice prepense* prominence has been deliberately given to all the sordid and unwholesome facts and traditions of his

[1] *See* Appendix "B."

[2] *See* "*Confessio Fraternitatis R.C.*," *ante*, p. 22.

career, and the remainder suppressed, but, so far as I am aware, there is not a lovable or an honourable action recorded to his credit. It is not by any means clear that Chettles' oft-quoted "apology" was intended to apply to Shakespeare, and the eulogies in the first Folio can scarcely be regarded as independent and reliable testimony. Heminge and Condell's preface leads off with a deliberate misstatement. Leonard Digges' contribution to the same volume is grotesquely funny in its inaccuracy, and no one accepts it seriously. Ben Jonson's testimony has already been discussed and reasons given for putting it aside. Mr. Sidney Lee remarks that the heterodox and fantastic Baconians question the accuracy of the well-established facts of Shakspere's career, but Mr. Lee is mistaken. The Baconians are only too much indebted to him and to his friends for producing such damning evidence. They sigh for more.

The facts which I have outlined compelled Coleridge to exclaim: "What! are we to have miracles in sport? or I speak reverently, *does God choose idiots by whom to convey Truth to man?*" Let us think for one moment of the uncleanliness, the "obscure profanity" of Shakspere's career; let us recall to our memory the winnowed purity of Imogen, Miranda, Cordelia, Juliet, Hero, and the long line of Shakespeare's gentle women, and courtly men, and ask

ourselves whether it be logical or conceivable to suppose that such creations sprang from the brain of so ignoble a being as his admirers admit the play-actor to have been. It is disingenuous to gloze over the facts and eupheuistically describe debauchery and drunken frolics as "merry meetings"; and it is merely silly to dress a scarecrow deity in royal robes, and scold us if we refuse to worship. "The apotheosis of Error is the greatest Evil of all, and when Folly is worshipped, it is as it were a plague spot upon the understanding."* Since the morning stars sang together the world has never heard such music as Shakespeare sang:

> "Everything that heard him play,
> E'en the billows of the sea,
> Hung their heads and then lay by."

On the other hand, public opinion asks us to believe that this Divine stream of song, history and philosophy, sprang from so exceedingly nasty and beastly a source. Truth to tell, for three hundred years the world of Poesy and Dramatic Art has been obsessed by an uncouth hallucination. Will not the spell be one day raised, or are we to see Titania, year after year, continuing to fondle so gross an ass, and crowning her vulgar joy with flowers and garlands?

* "*Nov. Org.*," Bk. I., lxv.

"The charm dissolves apace, and as the Morning steals upon the Night, melting the darkness, so their rising senses begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle their clearer reason." [1]

Perhaps one "farre offe golden morning" Titania will awake from her dreaming, and realize that for upwards of three centuries she has doated on a clown.

[1] "The Tempest," Act V., Sc. i.

CHAPTER VI

BIOGRAPHICAL

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me."

Hamlet.

"When my very soule doth lie, as the soules of men shall, before our Father's judgement seate, expos'd to the eies of men and angels, I shall receyve all men's praise, insteed of a whole nation's or manie nations' contumely."—*Biliteral Cipher*, p. 358.

THE words Emerson wrote of Emanuel Swedenborg may with equal truth be applied to Francis Bacon: "A colossal soul, he lies vast abroad on his times uncomprehended by them." In "Sir Francis Bacon and his Secret Society" Mrs. Henry Pott has presented in parallel columns the diametrically opposite conclusions to which Bacon's various biographers have arrived, upon almost every incident and fact of his career. The result is remarkable, and leaves us hopelessly bewildered. With Bacon's contemporaries, there was no such conflict of opinion. To them he was: "A man most sweet in

his conversation and ways; an enemy to no man.[1] A friend unalterable to his friends."[2] John Aubrey writes: "All who were good and great, loved and honoured him."

Burly Ben Jonson—always so ready with his scathing contempt—is gentle towards Bacon: "My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." It is curious that most men conceive Bacon as a dry-as-dust philosopher. It is but rarely that we picture him to ourselves as the brilliant young wit of the Elizabethan court. That he remained to the end of his days an incorrigible humorist is abundantly evident. "His speech, *when he could pass by a jest*, was nobly censorious. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."[3]

Dr. Rawley, Bacon's chaplain, says: "I have been

[1] Sir Tobie Matthew. [2] *Ibid.* [3] Ben Jonson.

induced to think that if ever there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him." His apothecary, Peter Böener, records him as: "A memorable example of all virtues, kindness, peaceableness and patience."

Sir Tobie Matthew, his lifelong friend, writes: "And truly I have known a great number whom I much valew, many whom I admire, but none who hath so astonisht me and, as it were, ravisht my sences, to see so many and so great parts, which in other men were wont to be incompatible, united, and that in an eminent degree in one sole person. I know not whether this truth will find easy belief. . . . The matter I report is so well understood in England, that every man knows and acknowledges as much, nay hath bin an eye and eare witness whereof, nor if I should expatiate upon this subject, should I be held a flatterer, but rather a suffragan to truth."

Sir Tobie Matthew elsewhere describes his friend as possessed "of incomparable abilities of mind, of a sharp and catching apprehension, large and fruitful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment . . . so rare in knowledge of so many kinds, endued with the facility and felicity of expressing it, all in so elegant, so significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing a way of

words, of metaphors, and allusions, *as perhaps the world hath not seen since it was a world.*"

If Bacon were the truckling, cowardly time-server, that some of his biographers would have us believe, it is strange that he was so beloved by those who were best qualified to judge his character.

Mrs. Pott states that: "Amongst the many proofs of the intense admiration and affection, esteem and reverence, which Francis Bacon inspired in those who were personally intimate with him, none are more satifactory than those contained in the voluminous, but still unpublished, correspondence of Anthony Bacon, in the library at Lambeth Palace.

"Here we find him spoken of as 'Monsieur le Doux' and 'Signor Dolce'; his extreme kindness, sweetness of disposition and heavenly-mindedness, being continual subjects of comment. His followers and disciples vow fidelity to him from simple love of him and his cause; they are willing to go through the greatest perils and sufferings, as indeed we find them doing, in order to aid in the objects and plans which are most dear to him—the propagation of Christian truth, and of a wide-spread and liberal education." [1]

It is sometimes difficult to assign a date to many of the deciphered passages. Until further information be forthcoming, one can only do so approximately.

[1] "Francis Bacon and his Secret Society," p. 80.

The episode which follows, apparently occurred before Bacon was banished to France, and during the period when he was "a hopeful, sensitive, bashful, amiable boy, glowing with noble aspirations."[1]

"My mother learn'd that I wrote 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' and then I was lost. My father found I had collected (whiles I was busy in th' administration of law) scenes in stage plays and masks, and that I, in disguise, had train'd the brethren. My noble father one night pried through the crevice of the garret wall where we rehears'd our play, and laughed so heartily that both his eyes were rainie. Then he, looking near, saw who did instruct each scholar for his part. Two nights together did he hear me deliver instructions to Marcellus and Barnardo on their watch; and in the dead waste and middle of the night, my father saw a figure arm'd at all points, exactly cap-a-pie, appear and with solemn march go slow and stately before them—my ghost, alas! My father, with an attent ear did for awhile season his baleful discontent, till I did to the gentlemen give tongue; then he presently, all inspir'd with rage, doth run about t' my door and intercepts me, curses me awhile, calls me a most unnatural fool, and roundly utters to me his complaint.

"'For heaven's love, have you divorced your wits?

[1] Spedding.

I pray you, if you've hitherto conceal'd this play, let it be treble in your silence still.' . . .

"My father leaves me, and, stirred with rage, goes to the Queen my mother, and tells her I played with the idle company, and that I 'came th' philosopher to fool my friends.

"'I do assure your Majesty,' said he, 'I saw him yesternight in a most murd'rous play take part, and I beseech your royal Majesty to let him have all th' rigour of the law, because this same boy's full of burning zeal to mend the time, and do our country good. I would that Jove esteemed him too good for earth, and would raise him to higher pomp than this. And, madam, please you, he spake against duty and obedience due to you.'

"Having by this speech been moved to't, her grace sent to warn me unto her presence, and I came at the height of her anger. . . .

"Her scorn burst forth and she upbraided me.

"'You personate our person, do you, among the city wits, and act your mother's death?' . . .

"'Your highness, I do not understand thee.'

"'You lie, sir sah!'

"'I salute your grace, I lie not. I would your highness would teach me what I have done.' . . .

"'Upon the witness of your father, my Lord Leicester, you, my son, were seen the night last gone by

among the worst company in the kingdom, attempting to make them instruments to plague us.' . . .

" ' Sweet mother, tell me some reason why you take offence without cause. I do beseech you, the envious tongue of slander believe not, or, if I be accus'd on true report, bear with my weakness. . . . From wayward sickness, oft' my health and strength is in a ticklish and unsettled state, easy t' receive distempers and mutations. Therefore, your Majesty, why should I work thus to impart to others sour woe, as if woe enough had not followed me? . . . I am your son—I have not wings, I am a creeping thing—but yet my thoughts do find me out; prophet-like they speak to me, and champion me to the utterance. I will creat strange Tragedies for mine eternal jewel, and th' stately Thebe, who amongst her nymphs doth overshine the gallantest dames of Rome, shall make the glistering of the noblest poets stale; and I shall make the seeds of kings to bandy with renowned Warwick, who spake aloud:— . . . Aye, I hope to frame the noble sister of Publicola, the moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle, that, tandied by the frost from purest snow, hangs on Dian's temple, . . . I will, though hell itself shall gape, climb to the heavenly streets, where the gods feed the sacrificial fire, whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky; and, if I live, I will indeed make you outstrip

the general curse of death, and live i' th' minds, voices and hearts of all posterity: I do beseech you, make not my device a whip to beat me with.'

"The Queen sat mute and dumb, whilst I did tell this short tale, and unto her did give my hope.

"'Fool, I have heard this mangled tale. Hamlet's a prince out of thy star, and thou art not well-skill'd enough to prate of little Ned Plantagenet, Clarence, Rivers, Vaughan, Hastings and others. And hadst thou power, my son, it is not fit that thou shouldst point me forth, if 't be so, as I fear thou hast; thou playedst most foully to show the death o' th' Danish King and Hamlet to my enemies (they murdered their king in the heaviness of sleep), and th' violent harm, that the chiefest princes of Rome did put upon their emperors, I doubt not shall be put on me.'

"'No, no, madam; God forbid! That will never be; do not fear.'

"'Why, how wilt thou, I pray thee, who art so weak of courage and in judgment, hold mine enemies that, malcontent, do take offence at me? What likelihood, when thou dost fill their ears with such dissentious rumours? . . . Thou must not—thou shalt not, thou traitor—spend thy days in silly hazard of our safety and our greatness. Are we a picture for all the beasts of this commonwealth to look upon? . . . Therefore cease, forbear thy intent! To tell thy,

people of the factious times, when the House of Lancaster did fight the House of York, would give to our proud adversaries in Ireland strong bent to fight. And if thou put into their minds Margaret's battles, Warwick, Rivers, Henry, Edward and Clarence, they, conceiving little of our deeds, will look upon us as Brutus did on Cæsar.' . . .

"'Madam, I never thought to speak again. I'm husht at your wise words!' . . .

"'Now that thou speakest boy, like a good child and a true gentleman, I'll ope my arms thus wide. . . . Hie to thy chamber, find thy toys; I'll remain here. Prithee go.'

"'My mother dost pardon me,' I muse. . . . I looked upon my griefs as banished and ended, so as a personal favour to my mother, I brought my cause of sorrow (the first copy of Hamlet) to the palace. When I brought to her the best of my matter, she, ere my hand had settled down, in passion did tear it from my bosom, and, without even reading it, tore it in twain, and, sans remorse, put it into the fire. . . .

"I, in most pitiful condition . . . return unto my chamber. . . . Never was one so curs'd as I. And now, when the sun doth settle in the West, I don my ugly hide and discontented sit, a miserable man. . . . Then pray I unto God to let some planet strike me down, that I may slumber in eternal sleep, where

stern ungentle hands strike not the mild and gentle. . . . When she chid me and bade me to be still, my mind was fill'd with rancor. So I have made an audience of the world, and, through these plays, speak to the multitudes."[1]

There is in existence a picture of him at the age of eighteen, around which the painter has written the thought: "If it were possible to have a canvas worthy, I had rather paint *his mind*."

In 1577 his cousin Cecil, having worked upon the fears of Elizabeth, Bacon is hurried off to France. "Th' Queene by her (power) royall, and her rights maternall, readily overrul'd all our several objections. No teares on part o' my dear foster-mother, nor entreaties o' that o' grave Sir N. Bacon, avail'd, while I, as soone as my first protest had been waived, occupied my fantasy, houre after houre, picturing to myselfe th' life in forraine lands.

"Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me even then, and it was flattering to th' youthfull and most naturall love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, inasmuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required much true wisdome for safer, speedier conduct than 'twould have, if left to th' common course o' businesse. Soe with much interessed, though sometimes appre-

[1] "Word Cipher," p. 667.

hensive minde, I made myselfe ready to accompanie Sir Amyias to that sunny land o' th' South, I learn'd soe supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' delights of th' country, by itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautifull young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learn'd her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half, she was devilish, and I myselfe was plung'd into hell. This lasted duri'g many yeares, and, not untill four decades or eight lustres o' life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore hears. Then I married the woman who hath put Marguerite from my memorie—rather, I should say, hath banisht her portrait to th' walles of memorie, onely, where it doth hang in th' pure, undimmed beauty of those early dayes—while her most lovelie presence doth possesse this entire mansion, of heart and braine." [1]

This love of his for Marguerite of Navarre [2] runs like a golden thread throughout the narrative:

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," pp. 336-337.

[2] Don John of Austria has left on record his estimate of her seductive charms in this sentence: "Although the beauty of this queen be more divine than human, it is better calculated to ruin

"My love for Marguerite was the spirit which saved my soul from hatred and fro' vilde passio's." [1]

"A wonderful pow'r to create Heav'n upon earth was i' that lov'd eye . . . Thorow love I dreamed out these . . . plays, fill'd up—as we have seen warp in some handloome, so as to be made a beautious color'd webb with words Marguerite hath soe ofte like to a busy hand, shot dailie into a fayre-hued web, and made a riche-hued damask, vastlie more dear; and should life bewwraie (an) interiour roome in my calme but aching brest on everie hand shal her work be seene." [2]

The play of "Romeo and Juliet" masks Bacon's own love story, and from this play much of the history of his life in France is to be reconstructed by means of the Word Cipher. By means of the "Biliteral" Cipher, Mrs. Gallup produces the following from the type of an undated edition:

"Since th' former issue of this play, very seldome heard without most stormie weeping—you' poets commonst plaudite—we have al but determin'd on folowing he fortunes of thes ill-fated lovers by a path les thorny.

"Their life was too briefe—its rose of pleasure had

and darin menthan to save them."—W. H. Johnson, *The King's Henchman*, p. 63.

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 174.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

but partlie drunk the sweete dewe o' early delight, and evrie hour had begun to ope unto sweete love, tender leaflets in whose fragrance was assurance of untold joies that th' immortalls know. Yet 'tis a kinde fate which joyn'd them together in life and in death.

"It was a sadder fate befel our youthfull love, my Marguerite, yet written out in the plays it scarce would bee named our tragedie, since, neither yeelded up life. But the joy of life ebb'd from our hearts with our parting, and it never came againe into this bosome in full flood-tide. O we were Fortune's foole too long, sweete one, and arte is long.

"This stage-play in part will tell our brief love tale, a part is in the play previously nam'd or meation'd as having therein one pretty scene, acted by the two. So rare (and most briefe) th' hard-won happinesse, it afforded us great content to re-live in th' play all that as mist in summer morni'g did roule away. It hath place in th' dramas co'taining a scene and theame of this nature, since our fond love interpreted th' harts o' others, and in this joy, th' joy of heaven was faintlie guess'd.

"Farre from angelique tho' man his nature, if his love bee as cleare or as fine as our love for a lovely woman (sweet as a rose and as thorny, it might chance) it sweet'neth all th' e'closure of his brest, oft

changeing a waste into lovely gardens, which th' angels would fayne seeke. That it soe uplifts our life, who would ere question? Not he, our friend and good adviser, knowne to all decyph'ring any o' these hidd'n epistles, Sir Amyas Paulet.

"It is sometimes said, 'No man can at once be wise and love,' and yet it would be wel to observe many will bee wiser after a lesson such as we long agoo conn'd.

"There was noe ease to our suffri'g hea't til our yeares of life were eight lustres. 'The faire face liveth ever in dreames, but in inner pleasances onely doth th' sunnie vision come. This wil make clearlie seene why i' th' part a man doth play heerein and wherere man's love is evident, strength hath remain'd unto the end,—th' wanto' Paris recov'ring by his latter venture much previouslie lost."[1]

On his return from France in 1579, Bacon passed through a dark and troublous period. On the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon, his reputed father, he found himself left without any provision—a significant fact in the light of recent discoveries. In ill-health, neglected and ignored by Elizabeth, thwarted by his powerful kinsmen, the Cecils, and dogged by creditors, Bacon was compelled to fall back upon the law as his only means of livelihood. In his letters written

[1] "Biliteral Ciphe-," pp. 79, 80.

during this period, he describes himself as "poor and sick, working for bread." He writes to his uncle Burleigh that the *bar* will prove his *bier*; he is so desperate that he cares not whether God or Her Majesty calls him, and threatens that unless something be done for his advancement he will be compelled to "turn sorry bookmaker." On one occasion he was arrested for debt,[1] to be bailed out by his beloved brother Antony.—"Antonie, my comforte." The two characters of Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," and Antonio in "Twefth Night," are probably due to this incident.

It has already been suggested that certain of the Sonnets are, in all probability, autobiographical. Here is another:

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet, in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,

[1] "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable."—*Henry IV.*, Pt. II., Act I., Sc. ii.

Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate."

Sonnet XXIX.

Lady Anne Bacon seems to have grown anxious about her foster son; for in 1592 we find her writing to Antony: "I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed and then musing '*nescio quid*' when he should sleep." Curiously enough, Sonnets XXVII. and XXVIII. seem to be a direct answer to this letter:

"Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide."

Sonnet XXVII.

"How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me."

Sonnet XXVIII.

Donnelly's Mathematical Cipher informs us that during this period Bacon relieved himself of some of

his financial difficulties by sharing the profits derived from his plays, his servant, Harry Percy, negotiating the transactions. Shakspere's impersonations were, at the time, very popular with the multitude:

"To see him caper with his great round belly . . . draws together to the playhouse yards such great musters of people, far beyond my hopes and expectation, that they took in at least twenty thousand marks. . . . It supplies my present needs for some little time." [1]

It seems not unlikely that, in order to meet pressing demands, Bacon dashed off many a worthless play, designed merely to catch the popular fancy and to bring in money. He was not always in the happy position of being able to consign his works to an actor "accompanied with gold."

It is clear that Elizabeth's fears that the players would prove "instruments to plague us" were not unfounded. There is conclusive evidence that the play, "Richard II.," was used for political purposes by the followers of the Earl of Essex. Mr. Sidney Lee states: "The friends of the rebel leaders sought the dramatist's countenance. They paid 40*s.* to Augustine Phillips, a close friend of Shakespeare and a leading member of his company, to induce him to revive at the Globe Theatre "Richard II." (beyond

[1] "Cryptogram," p. 819.

doubt Shakespeare's play), in the hope that its scene of the killing of a King might encourage a popular outbreak." [1]

The play was duly put upon the stage, and produced exactly the sensation that was intended by the conspirators. Cecil sent a shorthand writer to the theatre, and then reports to Queen Elizabeth as follows:

"But when poor King Richard fell a corpse at Pomfret under uncounted blows, they make the most fearful noise. Again and again it broke forth; it seemed as if they would never stop.

"The play shows the victory of rebels o'er an anointed tyrant; and by this pipe he hath blown the flame of rebellion almost into open war.

"These well known plays have even made the most holy matters of religion, which all good men hold in sincere respect, subjects for laughter, their aim being, it is supposed, to thus poison the mind of the still discordant wavering multitude. They mean in this covert way to make a rising, and flood this fair land with blood." [2]

[1] "Life of Shakespeare," p. 86.

[2] "Crypt.," p. 707. One of Donnelly's intelligent critics quotes the latter portion of this passage, *apart from its context*, and then ejaculates: "Fancy the grave and decorous Francis Bacon stating that the object of these plays is to flood this fair land with blood! If this be his hero, Mr. Donnelly is welcome to

Reference has previously been made to the fact that Cecil suspected his cousin Francis of being the author of this production, and that, in order to confirm his suspicions, he consulted the Bishop of Worcester. In the following passage Cecil is speaking to the Queen: "I sent a short time since, your Majesty, for my Lord Sir John, the noble and learned Bishop of Worcester, a good, sincere, and holy man, and had a talk with him, and I gave him the scroll. I ventured to tell him my suspicion that Master Shak'stspur is not himself capable enough, and hath not knowledge enough, to have writ the much-admired plays that we all rate so high, and which are supposed to be his, and which, ever since the death of More-low, have been put forth in his name. And that it is rumoured that everyone of them was prepared under his name by some gentleman. His lordship advised that the best thing we can do is to make him a prisoner, and, as soon as he is apprehended, bind him with iron and bring him before the Council, and it is more than likely the knave would speak the truth and tell who writ it. But in the event that he lied about the matter, your grace should have his limbs put to the question, and force him to confess the truth." [1]

him." This criticism, in pamphlet form, has run through several editions, and was warmly applauded by the Press.

[1] "Cryptogram," p. 769.

Cecil further goes on to tell the Queen that Shakespeare is, "A poor, dull, ill-spirited, greedy creature, and but a veil for someone else who had blown up the flame of rebellion almost into war against your Grace as a royal tyrant." [1]

"Many rumours are on the tongues of men, that my cousin hath prepared not only the Contention between York and Lancaster, and King John, and this play, but other plays which are put forth at first under the name of More-low, and now go abroad as prepared by Shak'st-spurre." [2]

We gather that Elizabeth sanctioned Bacon's arrest, as we find Harry Percy—the servant previously referred to—reporting to his master that: "Your cousin hath even sent out his posts to bring you in. The 'Fortune' and the 'Curtain' are both now full of his troops. . . . The times are wild." [3]

"On hearing this heavy news," says Bacon, "I was o'erwhelmed with a flood of fears and shame. I saw plainly all the perils of my situation. I knew very well that if Shak'stspur was apprehended, he will be as clay, or rather tallow, in the hands of that crafty fox my cousin Seasill. It was ten to one the whorson knave will tell in self-defence and for his own security." [4]

[1] "Cryptogram," p. 722.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 726.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 685.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 847.

In that event:

"All my hopes of rising to high office in the Commonwealth, were blasted. I am not an impudent man that will face out a disgrace with an impudent cheek, sauciness and boldness. . . . It would humble my father's proud and most honourable name in the dust, and send his widow with a broken heart to the grave, to think that I should make a mock of the Christian religion." [1]

This reference to making a mock of the Christian religion, is presumably an allusion to "Measure for Measure," certain passages in which would undoubtedly have shocked his puritan foster-mother, Lady Anne Bacon. Her dislike for drama and wicked play-acting was so pronounced that we find her writing to her son Antony, and urging him to remove his lodgings from the close and ungodly proximity of the Bull Inn, occasionally used as a theatre; and, on another occasion, when the two brothers were at Gray's Inn together and planning one of those masques for which the Inn was famous, she begs her sons "Not to mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel."

It seems exceedingly probable that Bacon's fears were realized: that Shakespeare was apprehended, and that the Bishop's simple methods of extracting the truth were tried, and proved successful. Whatever the

[1] "Cryptogram," p. 850.

means may have been, it unquestionably came out that Bacon was the author of "Richard II.," as we find him in a letter to the Queen endeavouring to be excused from, as counsel for the prosecution, bringing up this play as evidence against Essex, on the ground that "I, having been wronged by bruits before; this would expose me to them more, and it would be said I gave in evidence *mine own tales*." [1] These words can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as a public admission by Bacon that "Richard II." was his "own tale."

The dramatic profession seems to have suffered several severe shocks during the year 1597. The playwright, Nash, so angered the Queen by bringing political matters on to the stage in his "Isle of Dogs," that she gave orders to tear down and destroy every theatre in London. Nash himself was thrown into prison, and the following memorandum in the registers of the Privy Council is in reference to the subject:

"Uppon information given us of a lewd plaie that was plaied in one of the plaie howses on the Bancke side, contayninge very seditious and sclaunderous matter, wee caused some of the players to be apprehended and comytted to pryson, whereof one of them

[1] Quoted in Holmes, "The Authorship of Shakespeare," pp. 255-257.

was not only an actor, but a maker of parte of the said plaie (*dated Greenwich, 15th August, 1597*)." [1]

Mr. Sidney Lee thinks that it was probably in 1596 that Shakespeare left London and retired to Stratford. In any case, we know positively that in May, 1597, he purchased New Place; so that it seems not impossible that the reason why he suddenly quitted London was to escape the storm which was impending, and which—as we have seen—overtook his unfortunate fellow-actor Nash.

Bacon feared that, were his authorship discovered, he would be "hanged like a dog for the play of 'King Richard the Second,'" [2] but his forebodings were evidently groundless. Donnelly stated that he had worked out much more information upon this topic. It is to be hoped that his executors will publish it.

That eminent scholar, Richard Grant White, states that Shakespeare's "frequent use of Latin derivatives in their radical sense shows a somewhat thoughtful and observant study of that language." Shakespeare did far more than use Latin derivatives in their radical sense. He wrenched words and expressions from foreign tongues, and implanted them in our own in a way that has never been done by any writer

[1] Quoted in "The Great Cryptogram," p. 628.
[2] "Cryptogram," p. 853.

before or since. The list of "woodnotes" on p. 184 contains typical examples of Shakespeare's word coining. It is said that a common English labourer uses between three and five hundred words. Milton uses seven thousand, Shakespeare no less than twenty-one thousand—or three times the number used by the poet who, according to Macaulay, "carried the idiomatic powers of the English tongue to their highest perfection, and to whose style every ancient and every modern language contributed something of grace, of energy and of music."[1]

Upon this subject I quote the following extract: "A writer in the 'Chicago Tribune" calls attention to the surprising fact that the New English Dictionary, now being published in England, on a magnificent scale, and in which is given the time when, and the places where, each English word made its first appearance, proves that in the first two hundred pages of the work there are *one hundred and forty-six words*, now in common use, which were invented or formed out of the raw material of his own and other languages, by the man who wrote the Shakespeare Plays. And the writer shows that, at this rate, our total indebtedness to the man we call Shakespeare, for additions to the vocabulary of the English tongue, cannot be less than *five thousand words*. I quote:

[1] Quoted in Bacon *v.* Shakspeare, p. 280.

"'Rome owed only one word to Julius Cæsar. The nature of our debt will be more apparent if we examine some of these hundred and a half of Shakespearean words, all so near the beginning of the alphabet that the last one of them is *air*.' We owe the poet the first use of the word *air* itself in one of its senses as a noun, and in three as a verb or participle. He first said *air-drawn* and *airless*. He added a new signification to *airy* and *aerial*. Nobody before him had written *aired*, and more than a tithe of the verbal gifts now in view were such perfect participles. Well-nigh as many were adverbs. In no previous writer have Dr. Murray's argus eyes detected *accidentally*, nor any of the following: *abjectly*, *acutely*, *admiringly*, *adoptedly*, *adversely*. How our fathers could exist so long without some of these vocables, must move our special wonder. To *absolutely*, *accordingly*, *actively* and *affectionately* Shakespeare added a new sense. It is not a little surprising that the word *abreast* was never printed before the couplet:

"My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly *abreast*."

"'Of the hundred and forty-six words and meanings first given us by Shakespeare, at least two-thirds are of classical origin. . . . The strangest thing seems to be that so few of Shakespeare's innovations—not so much as one-fifth—have become obsolete. He gave them not only life, but immortality.'

"Is anybody shallow enough to believe that the play-actor of Stratford,—selling malt and suing his neighbours—had the brain, the capacity or the purpose to thus create a language?

"I say a language, for it is to be remembered that the ordinary peasant or *navvy* of England has but

about three hundred words in his vocabulary. And here was one man who, we are told, added to the English tongue *probably seventeen times the number of words used by the inhabitants of Stratford in that age.*

"And when we turn to Bacon's *Promus*, or storehouse of suggestions for *elegancies* of speech, we find him in the very work of manufacturing words to enrich the English tongue. We see him, in *Promus* notes 1,214 and 1,215, playing on the words '*Abedd—ro*(u)*se you—owt bed*:' and then we find him developing this into *uprouse*, a word never seen before in the world; and, as Mrs. Pott has shown, this reappears in the play of 'Romeo and Juliet' in connection with *golden sleep* (which is also found in the *Promus* notes) thus:

> "'But where unbruisèd youth with unstuffed brain
> Doth couch his limbs, there *golden sleep* doth reign:
> Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
> Thou art *uproused* by some distemperature.'

"And close at hand, in these *Promus* notes, we find the word *rome*, which may have been a hint jotted down for the name of Romeo. And we find that Bacon, in these *Promus* notes, coined and used for the first time *barajar* (for *shuffle*), *real*, *brazed*, *peradventure*, *etc.*"[1]

[1] "The Great Cryptogram," pp. 485-486.

The *Promus* referred to is a collection of phrases, proverbs, and colloquialisms collected by Bacon, and mostly in his handwriting. Its significance is emphasized by the fact that Bacon's acknowledged works contain no dialogues, yet in this note-book of his we find such pure colloquialisms as "*O, my lord, sir.*" "*Answer me directly.*" "*What else?*" "*What will you?*" "*How now?*" "*Is it possible?*" "*Hear me out.*" With what object did Bacon make this curious collection of sixteen to seventeen hundred phrases? The answer is that they were used in his *dramatic* works, and were collected for that purpose. Many of the entries, such as "*good dawning*," "*good morning*," "*good day*," and "*good night*," were flowers of speech culled from foreign tongues, and quite new to our language. They are found in the Shakespeare plays and nowhere else. "It may be broadly asserted that the English, French, Italian, and Latin proverbs, which are noted in the Poems, and quoted in Shakespeare, are not found in other literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries."[1] Bacon writes in cipher: "So great is our love for our mother-tongue, wee have at times made a free use, both of such words as are consid'r'd antique, and of stile, theme, and innermost spiritt of an earlier day, especially in th' Edmunde Spenser poemes that

[1] Dr. Abbot.

are modelled on Chaucer; yet th' antique or ancient is lightly woven, as you no doubte have before this noted, not onlie with expressions that are both comon and unquestionablie English of our own daie, but frequently with French wordes, for the Norman-French William the Conqueror introduced, left its traces.

"Beside, nought is furder from my thoughts then a wish to lop this off; but, on the contraire, a desire to graff more thoroughly on our language, cutts that will make th' tree more delightsome, and its fruits more rare, hath oft led me to doe the engraffing for my proper selfe.

"Indeed, not th' gemmes of their language alone, but the jewells of their crowne, are rightfullie England, her inheritance.

"Furthermore, many words commonlie used in different parts of England, strike th' eare of citizens of townes in southerne England like a foreine tongue, combinations whereof make all this varietie, that I finde ofttimes melodious, again lesse pleasing, like the commingling of countrey fruites at a market faire. Yet you, seing the reason, approve, no doubte, th' efforts I make in the cause of all students of a language and learning, that is yet in its boyhood, so to speake.

"The inwarde motive is noble, onlie as it cometh

from a pure love of the people, without a wrong or selfish thought of my right to rule this kingdome as her supreme governour: but this deathlesse, inalienable, roiall right doth exist." [1]

A standard argument brought by even well-informed people against the possibility of Bacon having written the Shakespeare plays, is that his style is totally different, and that he did not possess the poetic instinct. This fallacy is refuted by a number of eminent writers, including the poet Shelley. It will be sufficient to quote the following:

"The poetic faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales." [2]

"Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in Bacon . . . *His prose is poetry.*" [3]

"Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhyme which satisfies the senses." [4]

"I infer from this sample that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants; a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion. . . . The truth is that

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," pp. 27-28.
[2] Macaulay.
[3] Campbell.
[4] Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Bacon was not without the 'fine phrensy' of a poet," etc.[1]

"His lordship was a good poet, *but concealed*, as appears by his letters."[2]

So far as I am aware, nothing has as yet been deciphered that refers to Bacon's later years. Many of the details of the tragedy of his disgrace and dismissal from office will, perhaps, be found concealed in the play of 'Henry VIII.,' especially in that very superfluous scene wherein Cranmer is tried by his peers. That Bacon was guilty of bribery and corruption, that he stooped to petty gettings is so contrary to his character as revealed in his writings, that it is inconceivable and incredible. Ben Jonson evidently did not believe it. "In his *adversity* I ever prayed God would give him strength. . . . Neither could I condole a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident can happen to *virtue*." Bacon explicitly denied the charge. "With respect to this charge of bribery I am as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's Day. I never had bribe or reward in my eye or thoughts when pronouncing sentence or order."[3]

It must be remembered that the age in which he lived was probably the most corrupt that our

[1] Spedding, "Works," vii. 267-272. [2] John Aubrey.
[3] Basil Montague, "Works," p. 549.

country has ever known. "No veil," says Green; "hid the degrading grossness of the Court of James." The adventurer, Buckingham, was in the full tide of his infamous power, and "the payment of bribes to him, or marriage with his greedy relatives, became the one road to political preferment. Resistance to his will was inevitably followed by dismissal from office. Even the highest and most powerful of the nobles were made to tremble at the nod of this young upstart." [1] We shall probably find that the true cause of Bacon's downfall was that: "He was a fool, for he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow if I command him, follows my appointment. I will have none so near else." [2]

It is known that Bacon crossed the will of Buckingham, upon at least one occasion, and that he was compelled to do bitter penance in consequence. Macaulay alludes to the episode:

"Having given these proofs of contrition, he ventured to present himself before Buckingham. But the young upstart did not think that he had yet sufficiently humbled an old man who had been his friend and his benefactor, who was the highest civil functionary in the realm, and the most eminent man of letters in the world. It is said that *on two successive days* Bacon repaired to Buckingham's house, that *on*

[1] "Short History," p. 487. [2] "Henry VIII."

two successive days he was suffered to remain in an antechamber among foot-boys, seated on an old wooden box, with the Great Seal of England at his side." [1]

Curiously enough, we seem to find this very incident described in "Henry VIII." It must be borne in mind that the actor Shakespeare *had been in his tomb for seven years*, so that the coincidence cannot be explained away by the supposition that the episode was the public talk of the town, and was seized upon by the nimble brain of the dramatist:

"*Cranmer.* Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight——
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord,
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys." [2]

[1] "Essay." [2] Act V., Sc. ii.

The coincidence will, I think, be admitted as some justification for assuming that the characters of Wolsey and Cromwell, may be identified with the Lord Chancellor in his disgrace. Upon this hypothesis, we catch glimpses of the probable explanation of the mystery. In the following passage the King warns Cranmer (*Bacon?*) of his impending impeachment :

" *King Henry.* My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being considered,
Have moved us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in these charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you, a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cranmer. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,
There's none stand under more calumnious tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now by my halidom,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know thou not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it *At what ease*
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjured witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, while here He lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!"[1]

In "The Great Historical Dictionary" (1691) from which I have previously quoted, and which may be due to the Rosicrucians, although beyond the watermarks it bears no outward evidence, there is an article upon Francis Bacon. The book is watermarked with the fleur-de-lys and the cluster of grapes, but contains no painter's hieroglyphics of any kind, nor any of the emblematic woodcuts which are the distinguishing characteristics of the majority of Rosicrucian publications. I quote the article without abridgment:

"BACON (SIR FRANCIS) created Lord Verulam, and Viscount St. Alban's by King James I. in 1620, and advanced by the same King to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England, was a younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, by his Lady Anne Cooke. With this advantage of great birth he had a suitable education, and such natural parts, as rais'd him to a greater esteem in the world by his knowledge, then he was in his own country by the honours and dignities. He was born at York House in the Strand in 1560. Queen Elizabeth took delight in his witty discourses, and admir'd him in his childhood for his witty re-

[1] Act V., Sc. i.

partees. He was sent to Trinity College in Cambridge at sixteen years of age, where he made such progress that he soon became the admiration of the whole University. He quickly discover'd the emptiness of Aristotle's Natural Philosophy, as fram'd for disputations, and no ways tending to the benefit of humane life; and though he always spoke of that author with praise, he persisted in this opinion all his life time. After he had run through the whole course of liberal arts, he applied himself particularly to the study of politicks, to which his genius led him. And when Sir Amias Paulet went Ambassador to the French Court, he was sent with him into France, where he was soon after employ'd agent between the two Courts, till his father's death call'd him home to look after his own private concerns. Then he grew a great statesman and was chosen the Queen's advocate at thirty years of age; *his generous and affable disposition procur'd him all men's love and wonder.* He instill'd wholesome precepts of prudence and honour to noblemen, sound principles of art and science to the learned, noble maxims of government to princes, excellent rules of life to the people. His port was stately, his speech flowing and grave, his religion was rational and sober, his spirit public, *his love tender to his relations, and faithful to his friends. liberal to the hopeful, just to all men, and civil to his*

very enemies. One fault he had, that *he was above the age he lived in*, in his bounties to such as brought him presents, and over indulgent to his servants, whose rise prov'd his fall. *How little he valued wealth*, appears in that when his servants would take money from his closet, he would say, 'aye poor men, that is their portion.' But he wanted at last what he was so careless of, if what is said be true, that he grew a burden to Sir Julius Cæsar, who kept him, and that the Lord Brook, denied him small beer: yet he had kept his Chancellor's place nineteen years, and did not forfeit it by any offence against the king, *but fell by the same hand that rais'd him, the then Duke of Buckingham*. He died without issue at Highgate, in the Earl of Arundel's House, Ap. 9, 1626, in the 66th year of his age, and was buried in St. Michael Church, near St. Albans, where Sir Thomas Mute, formerly his Secretary, erected a monument of white marble to his memory, with an epitaph compos'd by Sir Henry Wotton. It was said of him that as Socrates brought morality to discourse, so did he philosophy from speculation to experience. Sir Walter Rawleigh us'd to say, that the Earl of Salisbury was a good orator, but bad writer; the Earl of Northampton a good writer but bad orator; and that Sir Francis Bacon excell'd in both. He left us these following books: 'Historia Regni Henry VII. de

sapientia veterum.' 'De bello sacro.' 'De naturali et universali philosophia. 'Historia ventorum.' 'Historiae vitae et mortis.' 'De dignitate et augmentis scientiarum.' "Novum Organum scientiarum.'"

We are here told that Buckingham was responsible for Bacon's fall, and that this was also partly due to carelessness in money matters, and over-indulgence to dependants. Gehazi was neither the first nor the last dishonest servant, and among Bacon's personal servitors and permanent Court Officials, "the Chancellor's jackals," Macaulay calls them, it is neither impossible nor unlikely that some were quite ready to accept bribes and gifts intended for the Lord Chancellor, but which never reached his hands, and of which he was perfectly unconscious.

It is scarcely necessary to say that many writers consider the case against the Lord Chancellor to be not proven. When, on his dismissal, a number of discontented litigants, against whom he had given judgment, appealed for a reversal of his verdicts, on retrial of these cases not a single one of the appeals succeeded. This is sufficient proof that whether or not the Lord Chancellor accepted gifts from suitors, he was not bribed thereby to give false judgment.

I am aware that Bacon admitted the justice of his sentence, and confessed himself to be guilty of corruption—seemingly a most improbable and unlikely

thing had he been otherwise—but it is possible that he was aware his ruin was inevitable, and that he was advised by the King, that it would be politic, and likely to lighten his sentence, were he to plead guilty:

> "How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
> As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
> Ye appear in everything, may bring my ruin.
> Follow your envious courses, men of malice."
>
> *Henry VIII.*

"They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head; they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me guiltless, are mighty. *I paid them the things I never took:* God, Thou knowest my simpleness and my faults are not hid from Thee . . . for Thy sake have I suffered reproof: shame hath covered my face."[1]

Bacon's letters written during and after his "adversity" do not read like those of a knave. "Hearing that some complaints of base bribery" are being trumped up against him, he writes to Parliament:

"My very good Lords,

"I humbly pray your Lordships all, to make a favourable and true construction of my absence. It is no feigning or fainting, but sickness both of my heart and of my back, though joyned with that

[1] Psalm lxix, 4, 5, 6, 7.

comfort of mind, that perswadeth me that I am not far from Heaven, whereof I feel the first fruits.

"And because, whether I live or dye, I would be glad to preserve my honour and fame, so far as I am worthy; hearing that some complaints of base bribery, are coming before your Lordships: my requests unto your Lordships are,

"First. That you will maintain me in your good opinion, without prejudice, until my cause be heard.

"Secondly. That in regard, I have sequestered my mind at this time, in great part from worldly matters, thinking of my account and answers in a Higher Court; your Lordships will give me convenient time, according to the course of other Courts, to advise with my Council, and to make my answer; wherein, nevertheless, my councils part will be the least: for I shall not, by the Grace of God, trick up an innocency with cavillations, but plainly and ingenuously (as your Lordships know my manner is) declare what I know or remember.

"Thirdly. That according to the course of justice, I may be allowed to except to the witnesses brought against me, and to move questions to your Lordships for their cross examinations, and likewise to produce my own witnesses for the discovery of the truth.

"And lastly. That if there be any more petitions of like nature, that your Lordships would be pleased

not to take any prejudice or apprehension of any number or muster of them, especially against a judge, that makes 2,000 Orders and Decrees in a year (*not to speak of the courses that hath been taken, for hunting out complaints against me*) but that I may answer them according to the rules of justice, severally and respectively."

Apparently, however, on investigating and inquiring into certain complaints, he finds them to have been justified and well founded, and that he himself is open to censure for laxity and carelessness. He writes to Parliament again:

"It resteth therefore that without fig-leaves, I do, ingenuously confess and acknowledge, that having understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the House, but enough to inform my conscience and my memory; I find matters sufficient and full, both to move me to desert my defence, and to move your Lordships to condemn and censure me.

"Neither will I trouble your Lordships by singling those particulars which I think might fall off, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?* Neither will I prompt your Lordships to observe upon the proofs, where they come not home, or the scruple touching the credit of the witnesses. Neither will I represent to your Lordships how far a defence in divers things

mought extenuate the offence in respect of the time and manner of the gift, or the like circumstances. But only leave these things to spring out of your own noble thoughts, and observations of the evidence, and examinations themselves; and charitably to wind about the particulars of the charge, here and there, as God shall put into your minds, and so submit myself wholly to your piety and grace. . . .

"And therefore my humble suit to your Lordships is, that my penitent submission may be my sentence, and the loss of the Seal my punishment; and that your Lordships will spare any further sentence, but recommend me to his Majesty's grace and pardon for all that is past. God's Holy Spirit be among you."

We have already seen how fondly and eagerly Bacon seized every opportunity to get to his beloved books. We find him writing to Buckingham: "This matter of pomp, which is Heaven to some men, *is Hell to me*" (May, 1617). It is not an unlikely probability that, having sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—

> "His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
> For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
> And found the blessedness of being little:
> And, to add greater honours to his age
> That man could give him, he died fearing God."
>
> *Henry VIII.*

Two years after his retirement from public life—in 1623—the literary floodgates of his genius were thrown open. In that *annus mirabilis* were published the first Folio of Shakespeare, in which ten new and twelve re-written plays were given to the world, and, under Bacon's own name, "The History of the Winds," "The History of Life and Death," "Henry VII.," and an enlarged edition of "The Advancement of Learning." It is literally true that by the "blessedness of being little" he was enabled to "add greater honours to his age" than we, of the twentieth century, have yet been able to conceive.

After his degradation from office we find him writing to his friend, the Bishop of Winchester:

"So now, being as I am, no more able to do my country service, it remained unto me to do it honour; which I have endeavoured to do in my work of the reign of King Henry the VII. As for my Essays, and some other particulars of that nature, I count them but as the recreation of my other studies, and in that sort I purpose to continue them; though I am not ignorant, that those kind of writings would with less pains and embracement perhaps, yield more lustre and reputation to my name, than those other which I have in hand. *But I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing his own writings before his death to be but an untimely anticipation of that*

which is proper to follow a man and not to go along with him."[1] In the same letter we find him contemplating Demosthenes and comparing his own case. He writes: "Demosthenes . . . *his case was foul*, being condemned for *bribery*" (!), and in a letter to James I., we read:

"For the House of Commons, I began my credit there, and now it must be the place of the sepulture thereof; and yet this Parliament, upon the message touching religion, the old love revived, and they said, I was the same man still, only honesty was turned into honour.

"For the Upper House, even within these dayes, before these troubles, *they seemed as to take me into their arms, finding in me ingenuity, which they took to be the true streight-line of nobleness, without any crookes or angles.*

"And for the briberies and gifts, wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever, I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the times."

[1] How is this assertion to be reconciled with the publication of practically the whole of Bacon's *acknowledged* works during his lifetime?

And again:

"For in the midst of a state of as great affliction as I think a mortal man can endure (honour being above life), I shall begin with the professing of gladness in some things.

"The first is, That hereafter the greatness of a judge or magistrate shall be no sanctuary or protection of guiltiness; which in few words is the beginning of a golden world.

"The next, that after this example, it is like that judges will fly from any thing that is in the likeness of corruption (though it were at a great distance), as from a serpent; which tendeth to the purging of the Courts of Justice, and the reducing them to their true honour and splendor.

"And in these two points (God is my witness), that though it be my fortune to be the anvil, whereupon those good effects are beaten and wrought, I take no small comfort."[1]

In the prayer written shortly after his degradation, he addresses God thus:

"Remember, O Lord! how Thy servant hath walked before Thee; remember what I have first sought and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved Thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of Thy Church, I have delighted in the bright-

[1] This letter was addressed to the House of Lords.

ness of Thy sanctuary. This vine which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and the latter rain; and that it might stretch its branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. "*I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men.*"

The italicised passage has never been satisfactorily explained, excepted by the supposition that Bacon was referring to his poetic and dramatic works.

"But as floodes sweepe awaie such things as bee of light waight leaving along the course heavy bodies, metals or rockie masses, in like manner the thinges which have sufficient waight when borne on downe the great River o' Time shall soone be found preserv'd fro' waters, although ofte very farre dista't, perchance, and amid newe scenes. At that time, sooner or later, my triumph must thrill my heart, for long hath the labour beene, and ofte difficile. The future may thus in a measure make good the past, so that I shal, perchance, recover (somewhat) with th' generations that are to come. Th' hope maketh my work lesse heavy and m' heart lesse sadde."[1]

What pen can adequately express the pathos of this man's life? this tragedy of the life and death of

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 97.

Francis Bacon? The lad yearning for affection, the blazing genius, conscious of his princely rank, yet grimly "working for bread," the old man, broken beneath the storms of state. Smothered beneath base contagious clouds, he is compelled to write to the King: "For now it is thus with me, I am a year and a half old in misery. . . . My dignities remain marks of your favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate and jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence."

"Impeached, convicted, sentenced, driven with ignominy from the presence of his Sovereign, shut out from the deliberations of his fellow nobles, loaded with debt, branded with dishonour, sinking under the weight of years, sorrow, and diseases, Bacon was Bacon still." [1]

And, unless we are being fooled by a literary conspiracy and an endless chain of coincidences, this man was entitled to wear our English crown!

"Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow." *Henry VIII.*

[1] Macaulay.

"O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd."
Sonnet XXIII.

"Till whatsoever Star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect."
Sonnet XXVI.

it should set this suffering, mutinous, wronged, wounded spiritt somewhat at rest, to feel this truly assured to my heart, but none can shewe mine eies that future day—although I long for it as one whose life is waning swiftlie, more from trouble, it is true, then age, yet no lesse surelie is it wearing to its end, and God's hand shall add that word, all that at that day shall be wanting, meerely the Finis to say that the soul of this Prince wins loving subjects at last in Christ His kingdome." [1]

In "Henry VIII." Bacon summed up his philosophy thus:

"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

[1] "Biliteral Cipher," p. 162.

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.

Macaulay, referring to the doctrines of Bacon's predecessors, says:

"From the cant of this philosophy, a philosophy meanly proud of its own unprofitableness, it is delightful to turn to the lessons of the great English teacher. . . ."

"Philanthropia, which, as he said in one of the most remarkable of his early letters, 'was so fixed in his mind as it could not be removed,' this majestic humility, this persuasion that nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest, which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest, is the great characteristic distinction, the essential spirit of the Baconian philosophy. . . ."

"The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. It was made up of revolving questions, of controversies, which were always beginning again. It was a contrivance for having much exertion and no progress. . . ."

"The human mind, accordingly, instead of marching, merely marked time. It took as much trouble as would have sufficed to carry it forward; and yet remained on the same spot. There was no accumulation of truth, no heritage of truth acquired by the labour of

one generation and bequeathed to another, to be again transmitted with large additions to a third. Where this philosophy was in the time of Cicero, there it continued to be in the time of Seneca, and there it continued to be in the time of Favorinus. The same sects were still battling, with the same unsatisfactory arguments, about the same interminable questions. There had been no want of ingenuity, of zeal, of industry. Every trace of intellectual cultivation was there, except a harvest. There had been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, thrashing. But the garners contained only smut and stubble. . . ."

"Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready: 'It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt inocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the powers of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly

offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible, is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow."

The following passage from the introduction to the "Advancement of Learning" may almost be regarded as prophetic of Bacon's own fate:

"The doctrines in greatest vogue among the people are either the contentious and quarrelsome, or the showy and empty; that is, such as may either entrap the assent, or lull the mind to rest: whence, of course, *the greatest geniuses in all ages have suffered violence; whilst out of regard to their own character, they submitted to the judgment of the times, and the populace.* And thus when any more sublime speculations happened to appear, they were commonly tossed and extinguished by the breath of popular opinion."

I quote once more the pathetic words of the first draft of Bacon's will:

"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and the next ages; and to mine own countrymen, *after some time be past.*"

He died, "early in the morning of Easter Day, being the 9th of April in the year 1626, aged 65 years two months and about fourteen days. And was buried, according to his desire, expressed in his last Will, in St. Michaels Church, at St. Albans, because the body of his mother was there interred."

* * * * *

"Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done." Time has passed, and, with the birth of the New Century will come the appreciation that has been delayed so long.

"We breathe an air rendered sweeter by his genius; we live in a world made brighter by his philosophy; his contributions to the mental as well as to the material happiness of mankind, have been simply incalculable. Let us, then, thank God that He sent him to us on this earth; let us draw tenderly the mantle of charity over his weaknesses, if any such are disclosed by the unpitying hand of history; let us exult that one has been born among the children of men who has removed, on every side for a thousand miles, the posts that experience had set up as the limitations of human capacity."

"He was—in the great sense of the words—a priest and prophet of God, filled with the divine impulses of good. If he erred in his conceptions of truth, who shall stand between the Maker and His great child, and take either to account?"[1]

[1] Ignatius Donnelly.

FINIS

L'ENVOI

"My great fear is lest a wearinesse overcome you ere this Cypher, or the Word Cypher, may be fully work'd out. Doe me not so meane a service as leaving this work unfinished, I do entreate you. Make it my monument to marke the end of labour for my fellowemen—principallie the advancement and dissemination of knowledge, yet much for th' pleasing of men's mindes, while setting forth my other history—for I give you my assurance that the worke is worthy o' preservacion."—FRANCIS BACON, *Biliteral Cipher*, p. 343.

APPENDIX B

"COINCIDENCES"

UPWARDS of 250 books and pamphlets have been published in support of the Baconian theory, and the number is constantly on the increase.

The strength of the case rests not so much upon one or two leading facts as upon the accumulated force of a vast number of small "coincidences," and the internal evidence of the plays themselves. Superficial resemblances, in themselves sufficiently striking, have been gradually lost sight of as investigators have carried their researches deeper and deeper.

The acceptedly-authentic writings of "Shakespeare" vary so greatly in style that it is difficult to believe they all proceeded from the brain of one writer. In Bacon's acknowledged works there is an equally great divergence of style, ranging from the sonorous periods of "Henry VII." to the dry, packed sentences of such works as the Essays. Hence the argument of similarity of style, though nevertheless an exceedingly strong one, cannot by itself be successfully pressed.

There are, however, certain *identities* of thought and diction which, putting all external evidence entirely on one side, render it impossible to believe otherwise than that the two sets of writings proceeded from the brain of the same thinker. Those sufficiently curious upon the subject should consult the works of Mrs. Pott, Mr. Reed, Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Theobald, and others, in which will be found a great, even tedious, number of parallels. It will be sufficient to quote two or three typical examples:

"Love will creep in service where it cannot go." SHAKESPEARE.	"Love must creep where it cannot go."—BACON.
"Of sufferance comes ease." SHAKESPEARE.	"Of sufferance cometh ease." BACON.
"A sea of air." SHAKESPEARE.	"A sea of air."—BACON.
"'Tis known I ever have studied physic." SHAKESPEARE.	"I have been puddering in physic all my life."—BACON.
"Sense sure you have, else could you not have motion." SHAKESPEARE.	"Some of the ancient philosophers could not conceive how there can be voluntary motion without sense."—BACON.

The last example is a peculiarly interesting one, as it is obvious that Bacon is sometimes needful in order

to correctly expound "Shakespeare." The words "*motion*" and "*sense*" have both of them been a stumbling-block to Shakespearean commentators, who have maintained that we should substitute "*notion*," or perhaps "*emotion*," and "*sensation*," or perhaps "*sensibility*." The interest, however, does not cease at the mere parellel, but lies deeper, this instance being a typical example of those more subtle connections between the two writers which are daily being revealed. The passage quoted is from the 1605 edition of "The Advancement of Learning," but Bacon subsequently discovered that the theory that everything that has motion, has likewise sense, was untenable, and in the 1623 edition of the same book, he expressly declares that the doctrine is untrue. The quotation from "Shakespeare" is from the 1604 quarto edition of "Hamlet." In the folio edition, (published in the same year as "The Advancement of Learning" 1623), *the passage in question, no longer harmonizing with Bacon's views, was omitted.*

In order to rightly realize the significance of these and other parallels, we must remember that the relative positions of Bacon and Shakespeare were those of an aristocratic philosopher and of an almost, if not quite, social pariah. One might as reasonably expect to find identities of thought and language in the writings of, say Herbert Spencer, and some low-

class dramatic hack employed by an East End music hall. I use the word *hack* because the Shakespeareans will have it so. They insist that their fetish adapted old plays, and wrote new ones with no higher thought or ambition than to make money—that "gain not glory winged his roving flight."

It will almost certainly be found that similar parallels exist, not only between the writings of Shakespeare and Bacon, but likewise between those of Bacon and the other playwrights whose authorship is impugned. We find the Lord Chancellor writing "The Gods have woollen feet," and the infamous Marlowe: "Thus as the Gods creep on with feet of wool." [1]

To rightly appreciate the beauty of Spenser's compliment to Gabriel Harvey:

—"Harvey the happy above happiest men
I read that *sitting like a looker-on*
Of this *world's stage* doth note with critic pen," etc., etc.—

we must turn to Francis Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," where we read: "Men must learn that in this *theatre of man's life* it is reserved only for God, *and the angels* to be *lookers-on*."

Paradoxical as it may seem, the very errors and anachronisms which occur in the plays, and which are generally pointed to as proof that Shakespeare was no scholar, are but further testimony in favour of

[1] "Faustus."

Bacon. Dr. Abbot testifies that Bacon was "eminently inattentive to details. His scientific works are full of inaccuracies."

It has been a difficulty to commentators to trace any connection between the incidents in the life of the prosperous and well-to-do play-actor, and the sombre tragedies which swept through the mind of Shakespeare. If we regard Bacon as the true Shakespeare, this difficulty vanishes; in fact, it is almost possible to construct a life of Bacon from the plays alone. In the French and Italian comedies we see reflected the gay life of the brilliant young Englishman, *attaché* to the Court of France. In "Henry VI.," Part I., the scenes are laid in the very provinces and districts of Maine, Anjou, Orleans, Poictiers, etc., through which Bacon travelled in the *entourage* of the English ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet.

In "The Merchant of Venice" is reproduced the incident of Bacon being arrested for debt by a "hard Jew," and his redemption by his brother Anthony—"Antonie, my comforte." The names of "Antonio" and "Bassanio" seem to be but a slight mask to the true actors in this episode.

"Hamlet" and "Lear" reflect the insidious madness which eventually overwhelmed Lady Anne Bacon, who, according to Bishop Goodman, was "little better than frantic in her age."

"Coincidences"

In "A Winter's Tale" we trace Bacon's love of horticulture, hybridizing, grafting, etc., Perdita's gifts of flowers being bestowed in very nearly the same order as they are named in Bacon's "Essay on Gardens."

"Cymbeline" is a British King, whose court and capital were at Verulamium, on the site of which Bacon lived—modern Verulam by St. Albans. The town of St. Albans is mentioned in the plays no less than *twenty-three* times, Stratford *not once*.

"The Tempest" was published soon after the wreck of the "Admiral" on the Bermudas or Isle of Devils. Bacon had money embarked in this unfortunate venture.

"In Henry VIII." we see the writer limning himself as Wolsey. In a letter from Bacon to the King (1622) he uses, in the original draft, words which, in the following year, appear in the mouth of Wolsey. The banquet scene laid at York House in all probability reflects the great banquet which Bacon gave while living at York House, and which has been made famous by Ben Jonson's Birthday Ode to the Lord Chancellor.

In "Timon of Athens" we see the fall of a large-hearted and over-generous patron. Upon this tragedy the curtain rings down.

POSTSCRIPT,

"Now if any Brother or Well-wisher shall conscientiously doubt or be dissatisfied, touching any particular Point contained in this Treatise, because of my speaking to many things in a little room: And if he or they shall be serious in so doing, and will be-friend me so far, and do me that courtesie, to send to me, before they condemn me, and let me know their scruples in a few words of writing, I shall look upon my self obliged both in affection and reason, to endeavour to give them full satisfaction."

H. B.